

The Listener

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'The Resurrection', a carved panel of Flemish origin in the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Knowsley, Lancashire

Easter 1953

"What would you take with you?"

You know the old parlour game: if you could only take one thing with you on a desert island what would it be? Many of us might in the end choose a book, but which? We should need one that would *last* and which had some variety in it: above all one that would keep us sane in loneliness and human in solitariness. Reduced to this last bare extremity of choice, what we chose would be for us

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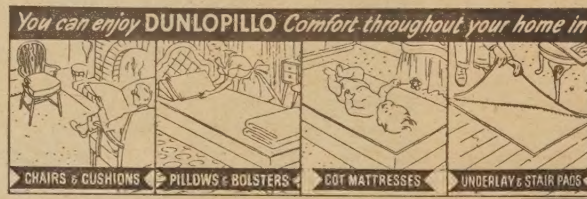
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Christianity and the World's Challenge

By the Rev. C. H. DODD

I HAVE told you all this, so that in me you may have peace. In the world you are hard pressed; but courage! I have overcome the world' (John xvi, 33). 'The world', then, is something to be fought and overcome. Not that it is an evil thing in itself. When the New Testament has to speak of sheer evil, it says 'the devil'. But in the world as we know it there are forces abroad which corrupt the community of mankind and undermine the integrity of the human person; and these forces seem to make use of the resources of civilised society for bad ends. That is why we are at issue with 'the world'. And when I say 'we', I do not mean only the Church or Christian people as such. Any person of ideals and good will is exposed to the inhibiting pressure of the world that our text mentions: 'in the world you are hard pressed'. As far as I can see, the Gospel does not hold out much prospect of the relaxation of pressure. What it does offer is Christ's assurance, 'I have overcome the world'.

It did not look like it on the first Good Friday. As far as anyone could see, the career of Jesus as teacher and reformer ended in dismal failure. But in the longer perspective of history (and 1950 years is a longish time) we can see that it was an unusually successful career, if success is to be measured by the extent and duration of a man's influence. I do not pretend that this is all that is meant by 'overcoming the world'; but at least there was something about that life and that death which proved the

world to be greatly mistaken when it thought it had disposed of Jesus of Nazareth.

The crisis which led to the crucifixion was no accident. Jesus deliberately accepted the challenge of the world of His time, with all its inherent contradictions. In that world, He chose a public career, where He was exposed to its full pressure. In essentials, that first-century world was not very unlike ours. If we ask ourselves what are the forces which during the past half-century have corrupted the common society of mankind and made life more difficult for us all, there are certain moral factors that no one can miss: for example, lies—lying propaganda and lying promises; egotism, again both individual and corporate, especially in the form of the lust for power; and mass-passions of fear, envy, and revenge. No attentive reader of the Gospels can fail to be struck by the fact that precisely these same things set up the opposition that Jesus encountered.

But when all that is said, it is doubtful if we have got to the bottom of the matter. Few people probably now believe, as we used to believe, that the only problem is the comparatively simple one of teaching people to respect the truth, to be unselfish, and to control their passions. Some of our keenest observers now speak of 'demonic' forces in history—something beyond our understanding and control. At any rate, have you not sometimes felt, as I have, during these turbulent years, that Paul's phrase, 'the mystery of

iniquity', has become singularly apt? It looks as if there were an extensive background to the human conflict, of which we are only partly aware, and the Gospels lay some stress upon this mysterious background.

Before Jesus began his public work, they tell us, He fought a bout with the devil in the wilderness. I suppose if any observer had been there, he would have seen nothing except a lonely man in the throes of mental strife. But Jesus Himself later, reported on the result in two luminous phrases—picture language, of course, the only language that can be used to such matters: 'I saw Satan fallen from the sky, like a flash of lightning', and again: 'No one can break into a strong man's house and plunder his gear, unless he has first got the strong man tied up'. As much as to say that the work Jesus was doing in the public eye was the outcrop of an achievement on a deeper level—inaccessible to observation, but none the less real. This sense of mystery in the background which haunts the whole Gospel story gives to its final scene a profundity of meaning that attaches to the death of no other man we know of. At any rate, it is clear that Jesus was in touch with man's conflict at its deepest level, and on the widest field. If we suspect the existence of depths in our own problem that we cannot fathom, we may take it they were not inaccessible to Him.

Historical Crisis

But, if the Gospels keep on hinting at this mysterious background, they are, after all, mostly concerned with the straightforward development of an historical crisis in which Jesus was involved. And they show Him reacting to the pressure of the world, stage by stage, just at the points where the pressure was applied, as we have to do. If the forces of the opposition were, at bottom, much the same as those which still threaten us, we may ask: how did Jesus deal with them, so that the upshot could be described as 'victory over the world'?

First, He brought the issue down to its simplest and most radical terms, where it is a matter of fundamental personal attitudes and personal relations. Not only in the Gospels, but wherever in the New Testament the work of Christ is characterised, there are two points to which we are always brought back: His obedience to God and His love for men. To the forces of disintegration, He opposed these two quite fundamental principles of action: steady and unconditional loyalty to God in everything; steady and unconditional good will to men in all circumstances. At each stage of the developing crisis, He countered the forces of falsehood, egotism, and mass passion by actions expressing simply and positively these two principles. He stood by them at whatever cost.

The world pressed hard upon Him, using every artifice to break the wholeness of the front that He opposed to it. It used the wrong-headed enthusiasm of the mob which would have made Him king. It used the mistaken devotion of Peter and the rest when they urged Him to take the short cut to glory and honour. It used the subtlety of the sectarian leaders who tried to play Him off against this side or that. And it used the direct threat of violence. All to no purpose. At no stage did He concede a single point. At each step, in detail, He stood by the two fundamental principles: obedience to God, good will to man; and at each step He paid the cost. Finally, He paid it in full, in suffering and death, without having yielded an inch of ground. And so, on the field of one man's experience, the integrity of man was successfully asserted against all the corrupting forces which exert their pressure upon the spirit of man in the world. That was victory.

'Every Martyrdom is a Defeat'

At any rate, it was what we call a 'moral victory'. But how far does a moral victory take us? Are we to say Christ crucified was one more addition to the role of martyrs. Every martyrdom does honour to our race and inspires by its example. And yet, from another point of view, every martyrdom is a

defeat, for death has won the round. If man is anything more than an animal, if he is a moral personality, then his death is more than a biological fact. It is the point at which the pressure to which we are subject in this world makes its final impact, and it stands for frustration. A dead martyr is as dead as anybody, and in the death of any individual man we can see the final extinction of the human race, with all its achievements. The question is whether, in the end, the moral personality can stand up to the last enemy of all, or whether the best we can hope for is to go down with the ship in noble defiance.

If we are to believe the Gospels, the crucifixion of Jesus Christ was the decisive experiment by which the answer to that question was established. Here was the highest historical achievement of man as a moral personality. Here was loyalty to God and to mankind carried to its utmost limit and at the highest cost. And the full price was exacted: Jesus was killed. The question was, would He stay dead? If He had done so, the great question would have remained unanswered. But the Gospels assert that Jesus did not stay dead. And the faith of Christians all down the centuries has countersigned their testimony, supported by a growing body of experience. In affirming loyalty to God and to mankind to the point of dying for it, Jesus also, as it turned out, affirmed the supremacy of life itself over all the forces of destruction. The death-and-resurrection of Jesus Christ, therefore, one single and complete event, is real victory.

We live in a world where this happened. And the whole setting of our lives in the world is different because it happened. The epoch-making events of history, as we rightly call them, are living influences in our contemporary scene. And this event was epoch-making in the highest degree. But that is not the whole truth. The death-and-resurrection of Jesus Christ is the moment at which the powers of another world broke into our world, to establish a permanent base of operations just where we are. In that event the eternal God was at work, and the eternal is always contemporary. God is at work now, to communicate to us the victory once won.

'You and I Are the World'

But at this point we shall do well to change our line of approach. I have spoken as if the conflict were the world against us, or even the world versus me. But that is unrealistic: there is no such division. The fact is that the world is in us all—falsehood, egotism, the passions of fear, envy, and revenge: if these, and the like of these, are the forces that corrupt, they all have a lodging in us. The springs of evil in us are as deep as any 'mystery of iniquity' in the world outside us. In fact, you and I are the world. There is only one point at which we can have any direct influence upon the issue of the human conflict with the world, and that is our own personal lives and our relations with other persons, day by day. As far as we are concerned that is the only place where victory can be won. And the only way in which we can count on sharing in the victory which Christ won for us all is by being willing that He should conquer us.—*Home Service*

The Queen Anne Press has published a book on *The Holy Places* by Evelyn Waugh in a limited edition of 950 copies, of which the first fifty are bound in red niger morocco and priced at £3 3s., the remaining copies, bound in red buckram, are priced at 15s. The book describes briefly a visit to Jerusalem and contains wood engravings by Reynolds Stone. *Letter to a Priest* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.) consists of a letter addressed by Simone Weil to a French priest living in New York when she was staying there in the autumn of 1942. It contains thirty-five expressions of opinion on matters concerning Catholic faith, dogma and institutions, and she asks the priest in his reply to state categorically whether each of these opinions is, or is not, compatible with her being received into the Church. The book is translated from the French by Arthur Wills.

A Gracious and Much-loved Queen

Two broadcast tributes to Her Majesty Queen Mary

I—By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, O.M.

I HAVE been asked, my friends, to say just a few words upon the sad event which fills our thoughts this evening.* Men and women of all ages in life, in all the lands owing allegiance to the Crown, have sorrowing hearts tonight. Queen Mary was loved and revered far and wide, as perhaps nobody has been since Queen Victoria.

During six reigns, far longer, that is, than most people can remember, she has moved among us with the poise and dignity which, as age drew on, made her a figure of almost legendary distinction. How few of you listening to me tonight, can recall a time without Queen Mary, and even those of you who never saw her will feel a deep and sincere pang at the passing of this last great link with Queen Victoria's reign.

When she was born, Napoleon III ruled in France, and Palmerston had only recently ceased to be Prime Minister of this country. Railways were comparatively new; electric light and the internal-combustion engine were unknown. She knew Disraeli; her grandfather was the son of George III. Yet she lived into this atomic age, through two fearful wars which cast almost all the thrones of Europe to the ground and rent but also transformed the world.

The chasm which scientific invention and social change have wrought between 1867 and 1953 is so wide that it requires not only courage but mental resilience for those whose youth lay in calmer and more slowly moving times in order that they may adjust themselves to the giant outlines and harsh structure of the twentieth century.

But Queen Mary did not cling to the insubstantial shadows of what had been. She moved easily through the changing scenes. New ideas held no terrors for her. Dispassionate in judgment, practical in all things, she was also far too much interested in the present to be unduly prejudiced by the past.

She died in the knowledge that the Crown of these realms, worn so gloriously by her husband and by her son and so soon to be set with all solemnity on the head of her granddaughter, is far more broadly and securely based on the people's love and the nation's will than in the sedate days of her youth, when rank and privilege ruled society. I hope that she realised that her sympathy, her influence and example played a notable part in all this, and it was for these services to the British peoples that our race all over the world and in this island, with their keen and seldom erring instinct, placed and held her so high in their affections.

Queen Mary will long live mellow and gracious in all our memories, and in the annals of these tumultuous times. We pray that she may now rest in peace.

II—By the DOWAGER LADY AMPHILL

WE are under the shadow of a nation's grief. Queen Mary, whose name has been a byword in this country for nearly three-quarters of a century, has left us and we are feeling a great sense of personal bereavement. You have heard moving tributes to Queen Mary during these last sad days from the Prime Minister and from others in many walks of life. Mine will be a very simple one, asked for only because I have had the privilege of

knowing Queen Mary for longer than many and I have also been her humble servant for a great many years.

The salient features of Queen Mary's life are known to you all—her youth, her marriage, her life as Princess and Queen. But I have been asked to give you a more intimate account of Queen Mary's life and to try to show you how she grew in stature all the time as a Queen and also grew into the hearts of this nation and Empire.

I knew Queen Mary first in 1891 as Princess May, when she was staying at Malvern with her parents. She was gay with her three brothers and happy mother. She enjoyed the simple things of life—a garden—picnics—visits to surrounding houses, including my own home at Madresfield. Except for visits to Queen Victoria, for whom she had the

greatest admiration and veneration, life held but little formality for her. She was very shy even in those days. And shyness remained with her all her life—for instance, as you all know, she never made a speech.

Then came her engagement to the Duke of Clarence and her first great sorrow at his death—but eventually came her marriage to the Duke of York and great happiness. Her wedding day in 1893 was a gala day in London and I can still see the faces of a happy smiling bride and bridegroom being greeted, she in her wedding dress, as they drove down Piccadilly through enthusiastic crowds.

Then came the children one after the other, five sons and a beloved daughter, our Princess Royal, third on the list. Family life became the most important element in Queen Mary's life for many years, and there was a happy nursery and schoolroom at York House, St. James's Palace—the first home of the then Duke and Duchess of York—with York Cottage, Sandringham, as a country house. However, duties came more and more quickly to them. Queen Victoria died in 1901 and shortly afterwards the Duke and Duchess of York, becoming the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, were starting on their tour of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada. It was a big wrench to leave the growing family—Prince John was only a few months old—but it had to be.

The Duke of Cornwall and York opened the parliament at Melbourne in 1901. Together Their Royal Highnesses visited all the Australian states which had just then agreed to federation under a Governor



Queen Mary and King George V during their visit to Liverpool in 1924

General. The diaries of those days, one of which was kept by my sister, Mary Trefusis, who was also a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary for thirty years, show Queen Mary's interests in all and sundry. Hospitals, schools, children's homes, and local industries and arts and crafts were all of equal interest to an extremely active mind, and phrases such as 'The Princess took the whole of Australia and New Zealand by storm' appear in the diaries.

Once home again, she became Princess of Wales and moved to Marlborough House, which had just been vacated by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Queen Mary loved Marlborough House, for it was always a happy home, and when she came back to it as a lonely and sad widow it greeted her as an old friend.

In 1905 there was the visit to India, and when Their Royal Highnesses landed in Bombay she was thrilled by the colour and beauty of the country and by its people, and a love for it grew and was with her all her life. Their Royal Highnesses stayed with the Viceroy and the Governors of Bombay and Madras where my husband was Governor and they made friends with many Indian Princes, who remained friends always.

Events of 1910

Back in England again, the Princess took up life as a devoted mother and even more as a devoted wife. But the public made more and more demands upon her. When King Edward VII died in 1910 the Princess became our Queen, and a very great one. There was the beautiful traditional coronation of King George V and Queen Mary, when I was privileged to be in attendance, and then there was another visit to India for the great Durbar which renewed all her affections for that wonderful country. There were many ceremonial functions and the final visit to England of the Emperor and Empress of Germany for the unveiling of the memorial to Queen Victoria, a memorable visit, as within two years they were at war with us.

It was during this war in 1914-1918 that it was possible to admire on many occasions Their Majesties' visits to hospitals and Her Majesty's tender interest in the wounded and their relatives. At an open air investiture in front of St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the King finished the ceremony by giving decorations to mothers and wives who had lost the dear ones who had won the decorations. It was a most pathetic ceremony, and the first of many. Queen Mary was as moved as any of the mothers—and, indeed, wept with them.

The royal children were all growing up. The Prince of Wales was serving at the front in France; Prince Albert, who afterwards became King George VI, served in the Navy. He was in the Battle of Jutland. After a severe illness he joined the newly formed Royal Air Force. Prince John, the youngest son, had died at Sandringham. Queen Mary's heart ached with anxiety for her sons just as every other mother's did both here and in the Empire. It seems fair to say at this moment when we are in deep mourning that Queen Mary did not like the wearing of mourning, and, though she always conformed rigidly to custom whenever it was necessary, she did not approve of it.

The King had a bad accident in France in 1915. It caused considerable anxiety and during his convalescence Queen Mary, taking his place, went to Aldershot to bid farewell to the regiments that were leaving for the Western Front. There were a great many trips to factories and to hospitals all over the country to help to cheer up the wounded and to encourage workers in the munition factories. Their Majesties would live in a train for perhaps a week or a fortnight at a time, and these visits brought them both into touch with all ranks and classes. For when they arrived the King would inspect the usual Guard of Honour and the Queen would walk along the lines of nurses, and representatives of other women's services.

The only lighter function during this nightmare of a war was the celebration of Their Majesties' silver wedding which brought the good wishes of the whole country. All the women's services sent detachments to Buckingham Palace to bring these good wishes—Queen Mary was the President of Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service and Queen Alexandra's Imperial and Military Nursing Service. She was also President of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps which later on was to become the Women's Royal Army Corps, and there was also the contingent of V.A.D.s.

After that first world war, a more colourful time came when everything took a brighter turn. Their Majesties started entertaining again, though rather differently. There was a big garden party for all the holders of the Victoria Cross and their families and another for

representative school teachers. You will remember, many of you, the crowning moment of King George V's reign at his Silver Jubilee when Their Majesties drove to St. Paul's Cathedral for a Thanksgiving Service and were both moved beyond measure at the reception they received.

Queen Mary had a marvellous memory not only for faces and for people whom she may have met only once, but also for events, and her knowledge of history, particularly of this country, left most of us standing. She was meticulously tidy, most business-like, and hard-working. Her letters were attended to immediately, particularly the innumerable charitable appeals which were dealt with both sympathetically and generously. Her punctuality, too, was a life-long characteristic.

The London Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and many other museums owe her a deep debt of gratitude not only for gifts but for the knowledgeable interest which she took in their separate collections. At Windsor Castle, and at Buckingham Palace, the pictures, prints, china, and the innumerable treasures were largely reorganised and classified and added to in the light of her keen interest. In Windsor Castle, too, the Queen's Dolls House—which was presented to Queen Mary by countless artists, craftsmen, and workmen—will always in miniature give a glimpse of the more spacious life which was shared in those days. Queen Mary's own home at Marlborough House is a treasure store of works of art of every sort and variety—jade, enamels, and china, pictures, miniatures, and furniture. She received numerous gifts from many who knew and shared her tastes. The gifts that were always most enjoyed were those that had some historical interest attached to them as well as beauty.

Besides all this love of beauty Queen Mary was deeply interested in the running of her household. During both world wars she kept most rigidly to the rations that were common to all of us. She was herself the most abstemious of women. Except for occasional visits to the theatre which were always much enjoyed, her greatest relaxation was reading, reading to herself, or, even more, being read to by a lady-in-waiting whilst she worked—and you have all heard of the carpet. The favourite books for these readings were either historical or biographical, but her great interest for many years was social problems, particularly those affecting women—such as housing and the care and education of children. This interest brought her into close touch with such pioneers as Mary MacArthur and, later, Margaret Bondfield, both of whom were counted as friends. Indeed, she had a great variety of friends: the most intimate, the dearest of daughters, the Princess Royal, and then the much-loved daughters-in-law, but next to the family were those Ladies-in-Waiting who lived in her house. Queen Mary, too, enjoyed meeting men and women who had contributed in some measure to the good of this country, either in religion, in the armed services, in the arts or, above all, as I have said before, in social or welfare work.

The Queen's High Standards

Before I finish this inadequate tribute, what I really want to try to give you, above all, is an appreciation of Her Majesty's character. She was brought up in a strict school. She had the most definite views as to what was right and wrong. She did not believe much in compromise. She did not waver for one moment from the standard she had set herself. The most striking proof of this was over the abdication of King Edward VIII. She was a devoted and proud mother to him, but she never wavered from what she thought right for the country—even though her heart was torn. She had a great many griefs to bear. The death of King George V, to whom she was a devoted wife, was overwhelming. During the last war, she was evacuated to Badminton and took up a completely different kind of life. It was while she was there that she received the crushing news of the death in an air crash of her son, the Duke of Kent. She immediately drove half across England to try to comfort the beloved daughter-in-law. She then carried on again at Badminton, only if possible showing more sympathy with the people round her, with those of her household who were in anxiety or sorrow, taking the keenest interest even in the affairs of her despatch riders and giving lifts to all and sundry as she overtook them in her car when on her way to visit various factories in the vicinity.

After the war she went back to Marlborough House, a dignified but lonely figure. She was to suffer again the loss of a son—King George VI—the third son she was to lose and such a precious one,

(continued on page 570)

South Africa's Momentous Election

By STANLEY UYS

FOR five years South Africa has been in a state of political turmoil, and now another general election is about to take place. It is an important election for South Africa, by general agreement the most important since the South African Union was founded a little more than forty years ago. It is an election at which the voters of South Africa are being asked to signify their approval or disapproval of the way the Nationalist Government of Dr. Malan has ruled the country for the past five years.

Polling day is on April 15, and there is hardly a corner of South Africa where the election campaign has not penetrated already: in the cities where well attended meetings have shown that there is intense interest in the election, and also in the countryside—the *platte-land* as we call it—where on these pleasant, autumn evenings farmers travel for miles over dusty, bumpy roads to hear the political party of their choice. I wish I could give you a picture of the election atmosphere in South Africa today, of the tension and the anxious anticipation. For generations it has been the habit of South Africans to take their politics seriously, and now it seems to me much of the past political activity has reached a climax in one of those historic elections that occur in every country at some time or other.

A Straight Fight

The momentous nature of the election is emphasised by the fact that this is virtually a straight fight between Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party on the one side and, on the other side, the combined Opposition groups—the United Democratic Front as it is known. There are no splinter parties contesting the election and only a handful of Independent candidates have put their names forward.

Before I try to outline the issues in the campaign I must make it clear that this is principally a white man's election. All white South Africans, men and women, who are over twenty-one, are entitled to vote on April 15. They number about 1,500,000 voters. The only non-whites who can vote with the whites on polling day are a group of approximately 48,000 coloured male voters who live in the Cape Province, that is, voters of mixed descent. That is the full complement of the common voters roll in South Africa. There are two other main racial groups, but neither of them have any place on the roll. They are the Africans, of whom there are nearly 9,000,000, and the Indians, who number about 300,000. They are not allowed to play any direct part in this election. That is the nature of the existing voters' roll—a roll from which the overwhelming majority of the non-white inhabitants of South Africa are excluded. There is no guarantee either that the 48,000 coloured voters who are still on the roll will enjoy that right for much longer. Indeed, it may well be the last time that any non-whites will vote on the same roll with the whites in South Africa.

Dr. Malan's Government has already tried to have the coloured voters struck from the common roll, but has been prevented from doing so by the Appeal Court, the highest court in the country. The fact remains that Dr. Malan's party is committed to drawing up a common voters' roll that will be an all-white one, and it will make a further attempt to achieve this if it is returned to power. For that reason the future of the voting rights of the coloured people is of special interest in the election.

What are the issues in this election? Perhaps, if your interest in South African affairs has extended that far, you may have wondered how prominently the Nationalist Party's policy of *apartheid* has figured in the election campaign. *Apartheid* is the National slogan for racial segregation, one of the slogans that helped Dr. Malan to win the election in 1948. It is as much to the forefront as ever. In fact, Dr. Malan has himself described it as 'the most important issue in the election'. At the same time, I think it is true to say that Dr. Malan's supporters are placing particular emphasis on the argument that *apartheid* is not a drastic new policy, but simply what they call 'the traditional policy in South Africa of race segregation'. Dr. Malan's supporters claim further that the Opposition parties have

rejected this policy and are following a path that will lead eventually to racial equality, and, to use their own words, 'the suicide of the white man'.

The Opposition parties, in turn, claim that they stand for traditional race segregation, namely, social and residential segregation but not economic segregation. They say that Dr. Malan came to power by using a slogan that misled the voters, that is, a slogan of *apartheid*. They describe *apartheid* as unworkable because they declare it envisages ultimate economic segregation, and they point to the undisputed fact that the Nationalists have not yet been able to check the economic processes that are bringing more Africans into the white areas every year. The only concrete achievements of *apartheid*, according to the Opposition parties, are the enforcement of regulations which make it compulsory for whites and non-whites to be segregated in places like post offices and railway stations.

If this is all that *apartheid* has done, then you may well ask, why has it aroused so much opposition among both whites and non-whites in South Africa? The answer that the Opposition parties have given to the question is that, although they believe *apartheid* to be unworkable, they regard it nevertheless as a serious danger to good relations between the racial groups in South Africa. They claim that if only by flying the banner of *apartheid*, Dr. Malan's Government is antagonising the non-white population who have been led to believe that *apartheid* means that there is no future for them in the white man's environment. This policy of racial segregation, as expounded by the Nationalist Party, with all its implications and consequences, has been the pivot of South African politics for the past five years, and it is still the pivot today as we enter a new general election. But new issues have arisen out of the whole racial situation and this, I think, is the most interesting aspect of the present election. Race relations remain the pivot, but a new matter of first-class importance confronts the electorate, a matter that has been described by the Nationalists as affecting the sovereignty of the South African parliament.

I do not want to repeat what may be known to you, but I feel it is necessary, very briefly, to go over the facts that led to the emergence of the sovereignty issue. It all began when Dr. Malan's Government took steps to remove the coloured voters from the common roll. There is a clause in the South Africa Act—this act is virtually our Constitution—which lays down that any legislation seeking to remove voters from the common roll on the grounds of race or colour must be passed by both Houses of Parliament sitting jointly and with a two-thirds majority. But Dr. Malan's Government argued that this clause was no longer of any effect, and it went ahead in the ordinary way to pass legislation removing the coloured voters in the Cape Province from the common roll. This piece of legislation was contested and eventually taken to the Appeal Court, which rejected it as being invalid. Dr. Malan did not let the matter rest there. He brought in further legislation, this time designed to take up what he called 'A High Court of Parliament'—that is a court consisting of all the members of the South African parliament, which was intended to be superior to the Appeal Court. The High Court of Parliament, although it was boycotted by the entire Parliamentary Opposition, actually held a sitting, and it re-validated the act that had been thrown out by the Appeal Court. The whole matter was then taken one stage further. The Appeal Court was asked to give a decision on the validity of the very act setting up the High Court of Parliament. It did so. It rejected it also as being invalid. The High Court of Parliament, therefore, was not recognised by the Appeal Court.

'An Intolerable Position'

This event stirred the whole of South Africa. Dr. Malan announced that his Government would accept the verdict but—and this is the most important thing of all—he declared that the Government could not accept the position that had arisen as a result of the judgment. It was an intolerable position, he said. Since then members of Dr. Malan's cabinet have criticised the judges of the Appeal Court with increasing insistency, and only recently the Minister of the Interior said that unless

parliament could be assured that its laws would not be annulled, it would have to consider appointing judges whose views corresponded with its own. That is where we in South Africa are today. Out of the Nationalist Government's policy of *apartheid* has arisen this vital question affecting South Africa's Constitution. Dr. Malan is now asking the voters in this election for a mandate—those are his words—to establish what he calls 'the sovereignty of South Africa's parliament' but he has not said how he will go about establishing the sovereignty, and that is the big question-mark over the present general election.

What does Dr. Malan's Government intend doing if it is returned to power? The Opposition party, who have argued all along that the Union Parliament is fully sovereign, fear that what is contemplated is a serious change in the method of government in South Africa; a change that will affect particularly the relations between the Government and the courts—between the executors and the judiciary, that is. Dr. Malan, on the other hand, has said that any action that is taken by his Government will be taken constitutionally. This assurance, however, has not

dispelled the fears of some South Africans who maintain that if Dr. Malan's Government finds it difficult to maintain both white supremacy and also the present system of government—parliamentary democracy—then it will be the parliamentary system that will suffer first.

I have not yet touched on the most important matter of all: the resistance campaign now being conducted by non-white groups in this country against the entire policy of racial segregation, whether so-called traditional segregation or any other version. Ever since the middle of last year a considerable body of non-whites, and a few white South Africans as well, have been engaged in a passive resistance campaign, in peaceful defiance of what they consider to be unjust laws. Already more than 8,000 non-whites have gone to gaol in this campaign, although the campaign is now temporarily quiet. This is the biggest thing that has happened in the modern history of South Africa. It is something quite unprecedented. It looms over all the other issues that are being fought out in this white man's general election. It will be there awaiting the attention of whichever party is elected to power.—*Home Service*

Kenya under the Menace of Mau Mau

By MICHAEL BLUNDELL

MY home in Kenya is in what is called a 'maximum danger area', which means that in so far as the Mau Mau terrorists and gangsters are concerned we have to take special precautions to protect ourselves. My wife and I made our present home and farm out of thick, unused and unoccupied African bush five years ago, though I have lived in the colony twenty-eight years. It is lovely country—rolling green hills and thick forests which lie out before us for hundreds of miles, dappled by the sunlight and the clouds. Our farm is one of the many in a closely settled area which has been carved out of the raw African countryside. In these five years, starting with the bush and forest, we have created meadows and pastures, built up a dairy herd of English cows, and grown market-garden crops. We even have pigs, which come to you here in England as breakfast bacon.

Yet over my home and my neighbours' lies the menace of the Mau Mau. Perhaps you would like to hear first a little about the sort of precautions that many families have to take, every evening, all over the affected parts of the country. During the day you may pass along the roads and lanes through the countryside and there will be little suspicion of danger or trouble. You will see smiling African faces and there will be friendliness all around you—yet among the Kikuyu people, who are the victims of the Mau Mau secret society, this apparent friendliness may well hide the most diabolical and barbarous intentions.

For instance, a Kikuyu carpenter came to mend the cupboards in our house. He was young and intelligent and became a friend of ours. Yet he was one of the leaders of the Mau Mau and was caught by the police a few weeks later while forcing the Kikuyu workers on our farm to join Mau Mau. He did this by alternately tightening and releasing a leather rope around their necks until they were almost throttled, together with many other barbarities. Each man was made to swear an oath to murder us when called upon. All this happened in the darkness of the African night on a hillside within half a mile of our house, where my wife and small daughter were alone.

About six every evening, as the darkness begins to fall, the tension increases, and if you are wise, you start taking the necessary steps to protect yourself. All doors must be locked firmly and sometimes barricaded. Inside, the windows are closed and barred, and many people send their servants from the house at sunset. These servants themselves are in a dreadful position. I know of one old man who had worked with his master for forty years, who came to him and said: 'You must turn me out of the house at six p.m., and, whatever happens, do not let me in again during the evening or in the night; even if you hear me calling, do not come out, because I tell you, Bwana, if these Mau Mau terrorists come I shall not be able to resist them and may well do you grievous harm'.

This will give you an indication of how confidence between the Kikuyu and the European is being destroyed. In every tragic case in which farmers have been murdered trusted servants have been involved,

because they have not been able to resist the terror of the Mau Mau. So each evening, after having shut the windows and barricaded the doors, we then carry our pistols, or have them close by our sides whatever we may be doing. In some homesteads the owners sit in a row facing the door when they have their evening meal, and they put some form of obstacle, such as a low table or a chair, between themselves and the door so as to hamper the terrorists should they burst in. So you can picture us, drinking our soup and having our meal, with our pistols on the table by our side, ready to use in an emergency. Every night in my home we let our dogs out before going to bed. First my wife turns out the light so that she will not be silhouetted against it from outside. Then she looks out cautiously in the darkness through the window—as was done in England in medieval times—to see that all is clear. Then she opens the door, taking care to stand behind it to protect herself and with her pistol in her hand.

My daughter, Susan, is six and a half and regards the Mau Mau as a matter of great mystery and excitement. I remember when she was reciting to us nursery rhymes about the kings of England, there occurred one in which King John was alleged to have chopped off the heads of his subjects if they went outside their houses after eight in the evening. When Susan said this part of the rhyme she cried out 'Just like the Mau Mau, Daddy!' Dreadful as it may seem, there was a great deal of truth in Susan's remark, and we have had terrible cases of decapitation by Mau Mau gangsters. Nevertheless, there she is, growing up in the midst of all this trouble perfectly naturally, as if pistols and firearms were a normal part of life.

But I must stress that these worries and tensions are not confined only to Europeans. If we travel from my home across the great range of the Aberdare mountains, we enter the Kikuyu country where just the same position obtains, with even more ferocity and barbarism, if that is possible. Small numbers of very brave and loyal Kikuyu have banded themselves together into resistance groups and their courage and bravery stem from their great faith in the Christian religion and in the Government of Kenya. They are especially fortified by their deep belief in the precepts of Christianity, and this has given them the will to resist the savage and determined onslaught of the Mau Mau movement.

Do not imagine that to resist that movement is easy for these Africans—it is not. Many of them have been foully butchered and decapitated. Some of them have had their wives burnt in their homes, or dragged outside through windows or doors to be killed. Yet they continue their strong and resolute resistance to the terrorists. In some areas they are guided and led by Europeans who have gone to their assistance, especially our young European men who have been born and brought up in Kenya and have an understanding and sympathy for the African. These resistance groups are increasing their efforts and building up teams which are defeating and outwitting the terrorists. It is certainly not easy for them to do this, because in the ultimate analysis no Christian and no member of the forces of law and order

can use the same terrible barbaric methods as the Mau Mau leaders themselves.

Our first and most important task is, of course, to deal with the Mau Mau and eliminate it. Until we have removed the fear which it brings to all people in the affected areas, we cannot start the great work of reconstruction and leadership which lies ahead in our country of bringing back many Kikuyu to a decent way of life and a proper conception of right and wrong. There we have a people who, except for the few who are resolute in the Christian faith, have cast off completely the mantle of civilisation which we had so lightly laid on their shoulders, and who have reverted to a savage and chaotic background. It will not be easy for us to lead them forward into the full confidence of our country again. It will certainly need much patience and understanding, as well as the acceptance by themselves of the ordinary discipline of life which every one must accept who wishes to live in peace and companionship with his neighbour.

I am quite sure we shall succeed in this task, and we shall need all the good wishes and help of the people of England. I am certain also that we must provide the Kikuyu people with an alternative to the tribal customs and the primitive restraints of the past which the impact of our western way of life has destroyed. The very best alternative is the leadership of a strong, thriving, and real Christian faith.

Supporting this battle for the mind, there must be a continuous effort to bring the African people into contact with an expanding economic opportunity. Greater absorption into the business of production on the part of the African would lead to a more prosperous economy, better wages and a higher standard of life for them. Today we are in a vicious circle. The African produces a woefully small output. As a result, his reward in wages and earnings is proportionately small. I believe this vicious circle must be broken and that European leadership must—and will—undertake to break it. This can be done not only by providing more industry and more jobs with a greater

economic opening to the future, but also by better wages. Only the other day an enquiry into wages and social conditions was agreed upon in the Kenya Legislative Council, and it will lead, I am certain, to a great step forward in this vital direction. We must press on with the development of Kenya, and especially of the Highlands, so that we can re-absorb many of the Kikuyu into good jobs with decent wages.



A member of the Mau Mau surrounded by police and African Home Guards after a round-up in the Nyeri district

I also want to see these constructive measures concentrated under one Minister in Kenya, who will have the job of co-ordinating them, to show the Kikuyu that there is hope in the future for them, and I should like to see the Kikuyu people in their own districts planning their future with the Government—where schools are to be built, where dams and water supplies are to be made and new farms created from the unused bracken areas, so that they begin to feel that they are part of the Government and that it is not something alien which descends upon them from Nairobi.

The area in Kenya affected by the Mau Mau movement is only a relatively small part of our country. Over the unaffected districts the development of the country goes ahead. This is important in the European Highlands because this small area—about the size of the southern English counties—is the granary and larder for all the East African territories, providing food for Tanganyika and Uganda as well as for ourselves. Here, in these peaceful areas, relations between Europeans and Africans are good, and we have prevented suspicion and mistrust coming amongst us. From these districts and from the African tribal lands, European settlers and Africans have gone out together to join the Kenya Regiment and the Kenya Police against a common foe. And since we Europeans and Africans can join and are joining together in restoring the peace which Mau Mau has for the moment destroyed, we can also work together in building up the future of our country.—*Home Service*



A European woman in Kenya receiving instruction in the use of a revolver for self defence. Firing is taught with the pupil seated at a table, and the target is a 'window' with a dummy behind it—typical of the conditions under which an attack is likely to occur

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Queen Mary

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 13d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Easter Offering

CHRISTIANITY, whose central doctrine of the Incarnation proclaims its belief in a God Who reveals Himself in human history, and which asserts that this God is Very Truth, has nothing whatever to fear from any sincere inquiry into historical (or indeed any other kind of) truth. What it has to fear are the related human weaknesses of not caring enough for truth, and of being too easily satisfied that the truth is already fully comprehended. The words are taken from C. F. Davey's introduction to *The Life of the Bible** by Ernest Sutherland Bates, published last week—a timely offering on the eve of one of the three great festivals of the Christian church. Dr. Bates, it will be remembered, was the editor of *The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature*. The present volume, a succinct account of the origins of the Bible and of its transmission through the centuries to the present day, was published in America in 1937, two years before its author's death, and has only now become available in a British edition. It is a book that non-Christians as well as Christians will do well to consider—not because it tells us anything particularly new, but rather because it reminds us of some ancient truths that in our time are often disregarded, or if regarded loftily dismissed.

One of these truths is that, whether one reads the Bible as literature or as the inspired word, there are few of its pages that do not glow with an awareness of the problem our own vexed age is dangerously concerned with—the problem of ultimate reality or value. It is fashionable to think of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, as no more than a collection of primitive myths and legends and to cherish them, if at all, only for the beauty of the prose or poetry in which they are expressed: to imagine that they have relevance to life as it is lived in the twentieth century is (it is claimed) all nonsense: it is to shut one's eyes to progress, particularly to progress in the scientific field. Nothing of course could be further from the truth. Man has split the atom (to use a comprehensive phrase) but is no nearer than Job was to finding his bearings in a troubled world. In fact he is further, in so far as he has made science a repository of his faith and is to that extent guilty of what someone has well called cosmic impiety.

In the Bible on the other hand man is pictured finding self fulfilment in the service of God's purpose. As Dr. Langmead Casserly puts it, the Bible 'sees the world as God's world, and the life which man is called upon to live in it as a drama enacted in accordance with God's will, in a temporal setting but nevertheless of an eternal significance'. How life should be lived, what things should be put first, what things should be subordinated, what things should be cast out altogether—these are the questions that the Bible raises with its readers. They are abiding questions, questions that in a very real sense are the only ones worth asking, questions that science has no truck with, questions that no one but an immoderate optimist could say that we are answering satisfactorily today. When we consider the world of 1953 and contemplate the ills and dangers which beset it, one might well be drawn to the view that man was a biological mistake, that his natural destiny was to perish by reason of his wickedness, arrogance, or folly. Yet, in spite of all threatening indications and warnings uttered by the gloomiest of prophets, something in human nature rebels against the conception of life as meaningless, without purpose or significance. In the Bible this purpose finds expression, and for that reason among many the book is—whatever else it may claim to be—a monument of man's aspiring, a monument that has outlived the destruction of centuries and still stands in our battered world, a source of inspiration and of challenge to us all.

* Deutsch. Price 8s. 6d.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S words, 'Free peoples the world over will mourn her loss', have been amply demonstrated in the numerous expressions of grief and tributes to a great Queen and a great woman which have poured in from all parts of the world since the announcement of the death of Queen Mary. From the United States, a number of American papers were quoted as emphasising that President Eisenhower spoke for the entire American community. The *Washington Post* pointed out that in these days when monarchy has lapsed in so many countries, it was fitting to recall that there has never been, even in the heyday of European royalty, a royal personage who has been more widely and sincerely loved than Queen Mary. The *New York Times* was quoted as emphasising that her life and death revealed once more why the monarchy persisted in democratic Britain. A typical reaction from another Republic, the Republic of France, came from *Le Monde*:

British she was to the very depths of her being. She showed rare courage and firmness. Nothing was to find her defenceless or wavering. She remained always the symbol of self-control.

And from staunchly Republican India, came this tribute from the *Times of India*:

She had made herself wise in the ways of Indian women and of problems overseas. Her subjects were rich in possessing a queen as strong as she was able. The only person who might be compared with her for ability and loving kindness is Florence Nightingale.

From every other part of the Commonwealth the tributes likewise poured in. Here is one from the *Melbourne Herald* in Australia:

In many lands, people who have never met Britain's royalty recognised in Queen Mary's life that example of service and unwavering dignity which has strengthened the dignity of the Crown in a century of change. She came of a generation which did not question the teaching that duty must be put first. But the people saw in her also a warmth of feeling which turned their respect to affection.

* * *

On March 28 Peking radio announced that the Commanders of the Chinese and North Korean armies in Korea had written to the U.N. Supreme Command agreeing to the U.N. proposal for an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners in Korea. At the same time, throughout last week, broadcasts from Moscow radio stressed the theme of 'peaceful co-existence'. *Izvestia* was quoted as saying: 'This goes for our relations with all States, including the U.S.A.'. A Moscow broadcast to Britain said that the events of the past few decades had underlined the possibility of the closest co-operation between socialist and capitalist States. Before the second world war, the Soviet Union had been 'doing a brisk trade with the U.S.A., Britain, France, Germany, and other capitalist countries'.

Still closer, and even more beneficial, was the co-operation of the Soviet Union with the U.S.A. and Britain in the years of the second world war, when the three Powers co-ordinated their blows and exchanged goods. The difference in systems was no obstacle to an alliance and friendship which was crowned with great success—a common victory over Hitler Germany and imperialist Japan. In the present conditions of peace, countries with different systems can co-operate no less beneficially. The Soviet Union, the Chinese People's Republic and the East European People's Democracies form a vast market for the goods of the capitalist countries, which . . . can obtain from the U.S.S.R. and its allies enormous quantities of the goods, raw materials and food they require. World-wide economic and cultural intercourse is necessary for improving the standard of living in all countries, for full employment, for creating an atmosphere of peace and security. What stands in the way of such co-operation? Nothing, so far as the U.S.S.R. is concerned.

These protestations were given a cautious welcome by commentators in the non-Communist world.

From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as pointing out that when President Eisenhower said he would be prepared to meet the Soviet leaders half way, he made it clear that he spoke from strength. Further developments, it considered, would depend on the Soviet Union's answer to two fundamental questions:

• Are the Soviets really interested in a settlement? And are they willing to talk peace without infringement in our rights? The real test is whether the Soviets are ready to change their policy of aggression, conquest and subjugation, and whether they are ready to demonstrate such a change, not only by words, but by deeds.

Did You Hear That?

TWO LANCASHIRE ARTISTS

'IT IS STRANGE', said MURIEL BURTON in 'The Northcountryman', 'that industrial Lancashire should appeal to so many artists, for there are many good landscape subjects among the Pennine moors and valleys. Yet northern artists, such as L. S. Lowry and Theodore Major, for instance, have deliberately chosen to set up their canvasses before industrial scenes—the mill chimney and the pitshaft.

'I asked Lowry about it once, when he was exhibiting a portrait of an old lady. It was a most poignant picture. Her peaked chin was

when smoke blows across a vast network of mills, then Major's paint flows smoothly on the canvas in soft greys which emphasise the beauty of the buildings in the background'.

THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

The Russian *Literary Gazette* of December 16, 1952, discussed the catering trade. Quotations from the article were given in 'The Soviet View'. 'Millions of Soviet people breakfast, lunch, and dine in canteens, *cafés*, snack bars, restaurants, and tea-rooms. In the years of the

Soviet regime a wide network of catering enterprises has been created in our country—more than 100,000 of them! In canteens where the staff are devoted to their work, where the food is good and the service satisfactory, where cleanliness is observed and an effort is made to provide comfort—in such canteens there are naturally no complaints from customers.

'To tell the honest truth, however, there are not many such exemplary canteens. It is far more usual to find canteens where the cooking is bad. There are some which have forfeited the customers' confidence. There are many complaints about untidiness. There are occasions when a cook has produced quite a good dinner, but the waiter is slapdash and negligent. To the question: "Why is the food so unappetising?" we must give the straight answer: because a sort of whole-sale approach to the customer prevails among catering workers. Every housewife is proud when a guest praises her fare. But a cook in a catering establishment often could not care less whether what he produces is praised or reviled.

'Catering has its own specific features. It is neither production nor trade. One might say it is both the one and the other. A canteen—its kitchen and its dining room, which constitute a single whole—cannot be equated either with a foodstuff factory or with a shop selling food. A person comes to a canteen not only to "take nourishment". He wants to have his meal with pleasure and enjoyment. He wants the *hors d'oeuvres* and the courses—first, second, and third—to have an attractive appearance and a pleasant aroma. In a word, he wants them to stimulate his appetite. Food that is thrown carelessly on a plate carrying all the smells of a poor canteen with it—smells indicating that neither frying pans nor saucepans are as clean as they should be—is not so easily digested by the organism, even if it does contain a sufficient quantity of fresh produce. To draw comparison between a dinner in the canteen and the sale of a given quantity of bread, meat, vegetables, and fats is to display a lack of understanding of the very essence of the catering industry. This seems clear enough. And yet both in the Ministry of Trade and in the Central Co-operative Council the system of payment for labour in shops is mechanically applied to canteens and restaurants.

'Canteen workers are quite properly paid their wages on a progressive scale. But the norm is fixed in roubles on the turnover. Every brigade has its daily production norm expressed in roubles. If the cooks have fulfilled the plan, they get 100 per cent. of their pay. If they have overfulfilled it they get extra pay on a progressive scale. The wage system in force before

1950 took only the cook's labour into account. The cook had little interest in the price of the dish or in fulfilling the goods turnover plan. But the new wage system, introduced three years ago, takes no account of the cook's labour and skill.

'Experience shows that a wage system based on turnover returns in thousands of roubles, while quite satisfactory when applied in shops, is not quite suitable for the catering industry. The complaints book in a



By courtesy of the Lefevre Gallery

An industrial landscape by L. S. Lowry. Right: 'Lancashire Lass' by Theodore Major

thrust forward; her black skirts trailed on the ground; the ends of her shoes were so blunted she seemed to roll along almost automatically. By Mayfair standards she was ugly. But she was indomitable, and Lowry just had to paint her, to get through the outward appearance to the dauntless spirit underneath.

'I am not going to say you must live in Salford or a Lancashire mill town to appreciate Lowry's work. But when you know these places you see what he is getting at. He picks out the blackened church or the worn flight of steps, and around them he weaves his important little patterns of black-and-grey human beings, figures that might be meaningless if you did not know there had been an industrial revolution. They are symbolic people, really: comic and pathetic; symbols of work and endurance as well as play. And because Lowry does not use much colour, a splash of red from his brush gives you quite a shock. Colour, after all, is not a characteristic of Lancashire back streets.

'On the other hand, Theodore Major uses colour as his weapon for revolt against industrial ugliness. He knows that inside Blake's "dark, satanic mills" there are weaving sheds where brilliant colours flash over the looms like a kingfisher darting upstream. He uses paint with the passion of Van Gogh. A bowl of scarlet poppies in a weaver's window looks as though it will fall off with its sheer weight of pigment. But



canteen may be full of remarks and criticism by customers on the poor quality of the food, but if the turnover is exceeded the canteen director gets his extra pay. He is more interested in selling cigarettes and beer than *borsch* and salad.

'For the cook's labour, too, turnover has become the yardstick, and for this reason he is often not worried about quality: take the dish off the fire, the sooner the better, bang it on a plate and serve it—underboiled, underroasted, underbaked—as long as the turnover plan is fulfilled. It appears, too, that the canteen is not much interested in providing cheap extras: sauces, salads, baked potatoes, cabbage. Cheap, nourishing, and appetising dishes that are much in demand by customers hinder the fulfilment of the plan.

'It is not by chance that there are so few vegetable dishes on canteen menus: canteen workers try to avoid producing them. The explanation is simple: the proper preparation of vegetables, especially potatoes, is a laborious business, but vegetable dishes cost little. Maybe you would enjoy a potato cutlet with mushroom sauce or a vegetable pudding, but you are offered a steak or a *shashlik*, as these dishes are more expensive and take much less time to prepare. I believe this is the reason why we have few vegetarian canteens and vegetable snack bars'.

ROSES FROM SAN REMO

'One thousand scarlet gladioli, one thousand scarlet carnations, one thousand scarlet roses, and one thousand of that orange and blue parrot-like lily called *strelitzia*: this is the gift which the municipality of San Remo is sending to London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth'. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, explained that 'it was with great satisfaction that the people of San Remo have heard of the acceptance of their gift by the Ministry of Works for the Coronation decorations. They hear that scarlet flowers will be most useful for this purpose, and they are sending off samples to know if the colour is right. I was shown some of the likely candidates. There is a splendid pillar-box red carnation called "Trieste", and a well-established scarlet rose called "Glory of Rome". "We hope", said one of the organisers, "that the British will recognise 'Trieste' as being a counterpart to the 'Glory of Rome'".

'But apart from these faintly political considerations, London may see a new rose among the flowers from San Remo, a gold medallist of this year with the name of "Clotaria". This has a slightly softer colour, a long, strong stem, and a flower which opens from a shapely bud into a most elegant bloom. Only the macaw-like *strelitzia* lilies refuse to conform to the scarlet colour rule, but the variety that is being sent to London has the appropriate name *Strelitzia Reginae*—the "Queen's Parrot Lily".

'Before I left the show, a cactus-grower took me off to his part of the exhibition to see his beloved "fat plants", and there they all were—some of them spiky, some of them silky; some of them ugly, and some of them handsome; some of them humorous and some of them sinister. I remember two varieties in particular: one was a boiling mass of purple tentacles called the "Hair of Medusa" and filled, so I was told, with a deadly poisonous juice. The other was a large green pouf, shapely and symmetrical, but covered with ferocious prickles. The Italians call it "Mother-in-law's Chair"'.

OPERATION PELICAN

'What at one time threatened to be an extremely delicate international situation, involving Russia, the United States, Great Britain, Pakistan, Kenya, the British Foreign Office, the British Commonwealth Relations Office, the British Ministry of Works, the American and British Press,

the American Broadcasting Company, and about eighty-nine different internal departments of the British Broadcasting Corporation has now, I am happy to say, been amicably settled. I refer to Operation Pelican, an ornithological saga which actually started in the reign of King Charles II, to whom the then Czar of Russia—for reasons best known to himself—presented a couple of pelicans. These', recounted ALAN MELVILLE in the North American Service, 'were housed in St. James's Park in London: and ever since there have been pelicans, either *occidentalis* or *onocrotalus*, among the lesser wild fowl in the park. Apart from the rise in the cost of fish, everything has gone smoothly for about 300 years until fifteen months ago, when Peter, a sixty-year-old pelican, passed over to the Great Beyond, and a few weeks later, Paul, his friend, a mere chicken of fifty, also died, presumably of a broken heart. Then the trouble started.

'The Pelican State of Louisiana very kindly offered us a couple of *Pelecanus Louisiana* to take the place of the late-lamented Peter and Paul. This offer was properly conveyed through the usual diplomatic channels to London, with a copy of course to the British Embassy in Washington: all of which—diplomatic channels being what they are—took time. While it was taking time, the neighbouring state of Texas pulled a fast one on Louisiana by sending out a fleet of shrimp-boats to the Gulf of Mexico, capturing four *Pelecanus Texana* (they are the brown ones which look as if they could do with a visit to the cleaners) putting them on an aircraft in charge of the news editor of the *Galveston News* (one of them bit the air hostess, incidentally) and before Louisiana had time to say "ornithological inexactitude", delivering them at No. 10 Downing Street. As was to be expected, Louisiana was a little piqued over this example of Texan enterprise (Louisiana and Texas, I understand, have always been slightly gritty with each other over shrimp-fishing,

anyway) and at one time there seemed every chance of inter-state feudin' and fussin' over the pelican situation reaching serious proportions.

'The British Commonwealth of Nations then took a hand in the whole fowl proceedings: first of all, a pelican called Alice crash-landed in Nairobi and was promptly dispatched to the Ministry of Works, which is responsible for the upkeep of St. James's Park and the well-being of its feathered inmates. Like the Texan pelicans, Alice travelled by air, changing aircraft at Copenhagen. The Louisiana pelicans by this time were on their way here by ship, Louisiana having pointed out rather loftily that their birds were *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*, a breed so superior to the Texan variety that they could not possibly fly. Meanwhile—and this just shows how government departments get together—the British Commonwealth Relations Office had asked our High Commissioner in Pakistan if he could rustle up a pelican or two, and the Amir of Bahawalpur (who has pelicans running around like bantams all over his back garden) was rounding them up and sending them off to London by every post.

'Naturally, there were kindly enquiries from the donors as to the birds' well-being, and indeed this unprecedented plethora of pelicans aroused a great deal of interest: questions were even asked in Parliament, a Labour Member informing the Minister of Works on June 24, 1952 (the Minister having admitted, amid ironical Opposition cheers, that he was still not in a position to make any statement about the sex of the pelicans) that if you held a thread with a bit of cork attached to it in front of a pelican, if the bird was a male the cork would swing in a straight line, but if it was a female it would go round in circles like a government memorandum. All the pelicans are doing fine. Two of the Texans are in St. James's Park and as matey as anything with two of the Pakistanis: and the Louisiana ones are in the London Zoo with Alice from Nairobi who is rapidly learning how to ask for fish in a pronounced southern accent'.



The Mayor of San Remo (right) looking at a vase of *strelitzia* lilies of the variety which will be included in the town's Coronation gift to London

The Imperialist Tradition

By T. E. UTLEY

EVERYONE knows that the history of political thought and, therefore, very largely that of political action as well is a history of words, words which, in the course of time, collect round them all manner of memories and feelings until they are at length indefinable; and it is at that point that they begin to have a real influence on events. It is a fairly well settled rule that the practical value of a political label is in inverse proportion to its precision; as long as 'fascist' was the technical description of the Italian form of government, it had comparatively little influence on the outside world; it became really effective as an emotional force when Communist propaganda had succeeded in thoroughly confusing its meaning. It could then be used for that famous device of popular persuasion, the one choice trick, the practice of telling people that there are only two possible creeds for them to believe in and, when you have done this, including under one comprehensive label all the ideas and institutions you dislike and pouring on them abuse as though they really constituted a coherent system, a heresy springing from some one initial error.

History of the Word 'Imperialism'

This process is nowhere better illustrated than in the history of the word imperialism. Its growth was recently traced in a brilliant article by Professor Kobner in the *Cambridge Journal*. Etymologically, of course, the word comes from the Latin *imperium* which was strictly used to mean authority throughout the middle ages. Only very slowly did it come to signify not merely authority but a state, that is to say, a body of people organised under some common authority and inhabiting a particular territory. Only very much later did it acquire its modern technical association with the idea of colonial dependency. On its progress through history, it collected a thousand other associations of which one of the most powerful and discreditable was that which it received from Louis Napoleon's Second Empire. In England, the Second Empire was a much despised thing: the mid-Victorian mind found it easy to write it off as a typically Latin combination of ostentation, tyranny, and ineffectualness. It was therefore particularly unfortunate that Disraeli, with his taste for grandiloquent compliments to royal personages, should have brought the adjective imperial into common currency just at the moment when it was passing through this discreditable phase. In his famous Crystal Palace speech of 1872, which is generally taken as marking the beginning of British imperialism, Disraeli said: 'The nation will soon have to decide between national and cosmopolitan principles: to decide, that is to say, between a comfortable England, and a great country, an imperial country, a country where your sons when they rise, rise to paramount positions and obtain not merely the esteem of their countrymen but command the respect of the world'. In 1876 came the Royal Titles Bill, passed in the face of considerable misgivings, and conferring on the Queen the title of Empress of India.

The Crystal Palace speech was, in no sense, a constructive manifesto; it was an opposition speech, consisting of a general condemnation of the prevailing attitude of liberal England towards problems of foreign policy. Only part of it dealt with the neglect of Britain's colonial dependencies, with a belief fostered by all parties until well past the middle of the century that the disruption of the colonial Empire would be a boon to Britain, relieving her of a host of unwanted and unprofitable responsibilities. Disraeli was insisting, in the most general terms, on the need for a national policy, for a strong Britain which could hold her own in the world, and on the iniquities of that network of pacifist ideas which he had condemned from his youth upwards and which came to be called 'Cobdenism'. And the reaction against Disraeli followed similar general lines: it is epitomised, Professor Kobner points out, in a vigorous article contributed by Robert Lowe to *The Fortnightly* under the title 'Imperialism'. Lowe fixed on the Conservative Government the responsibility for having invented a new philosophy of politics under this name: in fact, no minister had yet used it. He went on to define this philosophy comprehensively as covering, in effect, all

those tendencies in Disraeli's policy which were repugnant to his own solemn and sceptical disposition. Imperialism meant naked force; the oppression of the weak; an aggressive attitude towards other powers; even high-handed unconstitutional conduct at home. And the two characteristic examples of imperialism outside England were Prussia and Napoleon's Second Empire.

Imperialism, as Kobner points out, was, as a political doctrine, a British invention; and an invention not of the right but of the left. It was, in origin, a comprehensive definition of everything in the Conservative attitude towards politics which the radical conscience disapproved. As the great political conflicts of the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth proceeded, this judgment is confirmed. The imperialist position owes much of its consistency to the misrepresentations of its critics. The epithet imperialist which came into common currency as a term of abuse was eventually proudly embraced, but the imperialist doctrine, if so it may be called, was hammered out in response to hostile and often unscrupulous criticism.

All this goes to show that when we talk about British imperialism we ought to mean something more complex than the policy of colonial expansion in which Britain, in common with the other great powers, indulged in the last years of the past century and which reached its climax in the Boer War. The imperialist movement was a revolt against Cobdenism; a revolt against the old liberalism, the individualist tradition in British politics.

The essence of Cobdenism in its approach to home and foreign policy alike was distrust and neglect of power. Power was held to be an evil, because it was an irrational force. Its only function was to interfere with the pre-ordained harmony of a mechanical universe. It just got in the way. The sensible course was to have as little to do with it as possible. Power, in this Cobdenite definition includes all the irrational forces which help to determine human behaviour and, specially, the irrational force of communal loyalty or patriotism. The only real entity in politics was the individual. Let the individual be as free as possible, said the Cobdenites. He can be trusted, when not acting under the influence of compulsion or mass emotion, to pursue his own interests rationally, and, if he does that, he will automatically ensure the greatest happiness of all.

In relation to foreign policy, this meant free trade. Free trade, it was said, would lead to the best division of international labour, and in the process make every nation so dependent on every other that war would become impossible. Free trade implied peace: peace, therefore, was Britain's main, nay, her only, interest in world politics. It was no good looking for peace by trying to reconcile particular quarrels of particular national states, to smooth out historic rivalries, and so on; this was to enter the game of power politics. Practise free trade, and persuade others to do so. That was the way.

'Material British Interests'

Disraeli ridiculed this facile way of disposing of the problems of diplomacy as though they were mathematical problems with the answers in the back of the book. 'The noble Earl (Granville)', he said, 'says that the greatest of British interests is peace. Well, that is a felicitous expression. But it was an expression of rhetoric. But the noble Earl takes it to be a statistical fact as if he found it in a blue book. The noble Earl thereon says that if peace is a British interest, it is also a European interest; ... but the noble Earl rode off on a mere trick of rhetoric because we know very well when we talk of British interests, we mean material British interests, interests of that character which are sources of the wealth or security of the country'.

There were rare incompatibilities between the interests of nations. Other nations were ready to use force to vindicate theirs; would Britain abandon hers? That question was the starting point of imperialism. When Britain's industrial monopoly was challenged, when she found her rivals engaged in colonial conquests, each of which meant that some new outlet of capital and trade was closed against her by a rigid tariff

system, was she to acquiesce? Was she (and this was an important element in imperialism) to stand aside lamenting the wickedness of other great powers, or to take an active part in trying, by compromise, to reconcile their conflicting claims? Was she to despise the game, or to play an active and liberalising part in it? The choice was not between leaving vast colonial territories unoccupied, or brutally conquering them, but between leaving them to others or assuming our share of the spoil and the responsibility.

The inevitability of the scramble for colonies; the need for Britain to take part in it to meet the threat to her commercial and political position implicit in it and in a Europe dominated by new and powerful military states; the duty of using her influence to compose the quarrels to which the scramble led, these were the common themes of imperialist thinkers. British imperialism sprang from that sense of impending national decline which afflicted later Victorian England. It had its elements of romanticism, but in essence it was an attempt to convert the liberal mind to the fact of power and the liberal conscience to its legitimacy. Of course, it took widely different forms in different men: it was more militant and robust in a *parvenu* radical like Chamberlain than in a pious traditionalist like Salisbury. To Chamberlain it was an opportunity; to Salisbury, a fact of life arising from original sin. Of course, also it collected 'ideological' trimmings *en route*. The British imperial mission emerged sometimes in the garb of Panteutonism, and attracted unexpected support as, for example, from a section of the nonconformist clergy who regarded it as a reformation doctrine, a force sent into the world for the chastening of decadent Latins. Of course, also, the simple fact of international competition had to be dressed up by some as a political doctrine of evolution parallel to Darwinian biology, though, in this connection, we should not be deceived into reading a racialist theme into British imperialism by the common Victorian and Edwardian habit of using the word 'race' to signify 'nation'. The core of the thing, however, was quite different from all this: compared with other secular idealisms, British imperialism was empirical in spirit and defensive in character. It was a plea for realism in the conduct of foreign policy.

Two specific ideas emerged: the idea that Britain should take her full part in the trusteeship of colonial possessions, primarily the interest of her own survival, and secondly because the Pax Britannica was at least as enlightened as any other available Pax, and the belief that Britain should strengthen her position in the world by an alliance either federal in character or resting on closer co-operation between sovereign states with the oversea dominions. The main inspiration of both these ideas, it cannot be emphasised too often, was the desire to preserve Britain's independence as a nation. Imperialism began at home. It was the application in the conditions of the late nineteenth century of the Conservative tradition in foreign policy, with its emphasis on power and the reality of national interest.

The Idea of Positive Service

In another sense also, imperialism began at home. The reaction against liberal individualism brought with it a deeper understanding of the importance of the community. The Oxford philosophers preached that the end of life was not the enjoyment of personal freedom but positive service in company with others of ideal ends, religion, art, and science, the ends for which society existed. Economists had begun to teach that prosperity and order involved conscious planning by the state. In the hands of men like Lord Rosebery, imperialism developed into a comprehensive plea for better organisation, for national efficiency. Meantime, the early Fabians welcomed imperialism because they believed that large administrative units tended to socialism. But the imperialist vision of home policy is nowhere better illustrated than in the little-known writings of Lord Milner after his retirement from South Africa. Quite recently they have been the subject of a most stimulating monograph by Edward Crankshaw under the title *The Forgotten Idea*. Milner's political creed may be summed up in these quotations: 'I am afraid I am not large minded enough to be interested in the total wealth of the world. My ideal is to see the greatest number of people living healthy and productive lives in this country'. In explanation of this apparently shocking confession Crankshaw quotes Milner's favourite aphorism, 'The better is the enemy of the good'. It was not merely that Milner believed that Britain must either be a great country or a poor country, his whole work is impregnated with the idea that patriotism is the only trustworthy motive for social reform. On the strength of that belief he constructed his proposals, extremely socialistic in the most general meaning of the term, for the better

organisation of labour and production and the better distribution of the national income.

What remains of the imperialist tradition? If we interpret it in the broad sense which alone makes it intelligible, we see that it has paid the price of success. The belief that power is a necessary factor in foreign policy is now common ground to all parties. The belief in strengthening our association with the Dominions as a necessary reinforcement of our foreign policy is also common ground. The idea of colonial responsibility remains and has been greatly developed. The notion which prevailed in the 'twenties of this country, that it is always right to give way, that, in a civil disturbance in a colony the police may, *a priori*, be assumed to have fired first, is almost extinct. The Colonial empire has ceased to expand, but expansion is not the essence of imperialism.

Class Interest

What, however, of the generous idea of patriotism as a motive for home policy? It has, as Crankshaw argues in his study of Milner, been a failure. No one will say that the great strides in this direction have resulted from imperialist sentiment, from the awakened idea of the nation as a political reality. They have been the result of a very different factor: a struggle between two political parties each of which, to an ever greater extent, has come to represent class interest. The emotional urge towards social reform has come rather from the idea of class loyalty than from patriotism. This is not wholly bad. Patriotism in uniting, unites against other patriotisms; nevertheless, it must be admitted that in a country so liberal and pacific as ours, the danger of militant nationalism has never been very great. It is infinitely less great than the danger of class warfare pressed to the point of national ruin, or than that concentration of the animus of nationalism and the animus of class which results from a successful social revolution in a country with a strong national tradition.—*Third Programme*

Anticipated Threnody

The men are sleeping, softly tread.
The suns depart and in the sky
their voices fall; the world has fled

and clouds are billowed with the red
of war. But on the mountains high
the men are sleeping. Softly tread . . .

Soon comes the night when they will dread
to waken, know their lives gone by.
(Their voices fall. The world has fled.)

They hold communion with the dead
who call them friends and hear them sigh.
The men are sleeping, softly tread,

and though for them there is some thread
of chance, they scorn the least reply:
their voices fall: the world has fled.

They force no questioning. Instead,
they grieve, knowing how they must die.
The men are sleeping, softly tread:
their voices fall. The world has fled.

DWIGHT SMITH

The Chinese Pot

Sunsets a myriad have flamed and faded
Since he who 'threw' this clay upon his wheel
With life-learned skill its hues and colours graded,
And in his furnace did its glaze anneal:
A Chinese, ages distant. Yet how clear—
In all of essence to our minds most dear—
This thing of beauty brings its maker near!

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Joyous Garden at Melbourne

By DAVID GREEN

IT was not by design that I saw the grounds of Melbourne Hall for the first time by moonlight. It so happened that I reached Derby late one February evening, drove the eight miles to Melbourne, and strolled down to the edge of the pool when the moon was at the full. Before me I saw a gateway but no gate. There were just the two stout gate-piers topped with ball-finials and between them a flight of steps leading down into the water.

The day had been sunny and, as I stood there tracing the moon's path from gateway to island, I was conscious of a strong smell of cedar, and turning round I saw a scene that looked almost too theatrical to be true. In the foreground were two cedars, black as their shadows spattered on the grass, between them an oval lawn and beyond that two lofty pavilions linked, as it seemed, by shadows. The house (for this was its south front) was in darkness, all its white casements blind save one which from high up in the mansard roof showed a dim light.

Next morning, before a mist had quite lifted, I took the flagged path beside that south front and pushing a heavy grille found myself on the east walk, looking down at the steep grass terraces which lead to the Great Basin at the foot of the garden; a scene I had read of as 'a splendid example of the French style of formal garden'. I thought I had never seen anything more English in my life—everywhere the lively green of good grass set off by the solemn, old, black-green of yew.

On my right, to the south, lay the yew tunnel and beyond it the pool I had seen by moonlight; on my left a stone gazebo, its walled walk sloping parallel with the grass terraces that were once parterre, all of them running down to the Great Basin with its iron arbour and the neighbouring statues disposed there among the yew. All this was beautiful, but there was more hidden away. The bosquets with their fountains and green walks, and the plateau above them with its great urn and its Ninepins (a group of limes) I knew to be screened from the house by yew hedges, brick walls, and forest trees.

First, then, for the yew tunnel. In the moonlight it had looked black and mountainous, like a shrouded switchback; and now, rearing out of the mist, black and dripping, it was leviathan, just hooked from the pool. I walked within and was at once engulfed in a dim world of thick, gnarled stems two-and-a-half centuries old, some

propped with crutches, some meeting or crossing overhead. It was intensely cold and at the far end, more than a hundred yards off, a man and a boy in gardening attitudes (bending over something) were reassuringly framed in a small circle of light. As I walked down towards them I was cheered by the song of a hedgesparrow; and, indeed, as the sun gained strength the garden grew full of the songs of birds—robin, thrush, blackbird, nuthatch, ringdove, and a starling

which had mastered the bubbling of a curlew astonishingly well.

The gardener, I found, was the head gardener, the boy the gardener's boy and that (except for the kitchen garden) was the entire staff. How many acres? About sixteen, I was told, six of them grass. The yew tunnel alone took them a fortnight to trim. And how did they set about that? 'Oh, with ladders and knives'. No, not clippers. A Scotsman had shown them a much quicker way with short slashes of knives.

By way of three small fountains the gardener led me through glades of tall trees and up a slope to that southern plateau where stands Van Nost's lead urn of the four seasons, a noble

work said to have been given by Queen Anne to her Vice-Chamberlain Thomas Coke, the owner of Melbourne. Coke was then—in the sunshine hour at the dawn of the eighteenth century—remaking his garden, and to that end he called in a contractor, and, as consultants, the greatest experts of their day, George London and Henry Wise. London and Wise had their thriving nurseries at Brompton Park, where the South Kensington museums stand today. The two partners enjoyed royal patronage and were responsible not only for maintaining but in some cases for redesigning the parks and gardens at Windsor, St. James's, Kensington, and Hampton Court. There was also Wise's 'stupendous work' (as a contemporary called it) at Blenheim, where in 700 acres of parterre and 'woodwork' he made the last flamboyant gesture of the Franco-English formal garden, before its ridicule and decline. George London had been apprenticed to Charles II's gardener Rose, and Rose had been a pupil of Le Nôtre. London had moreover studied French gardening in France. He was an extraordinarily energetic person riding, according to Stephen Switzer, 'fifty or sixty miles a day . . . visiting all the Country Seats, conversing with Gentlemen, and forwarding the Business of Gard'ning in such a



Melbourne Hall from the lake

English Life Publications



The iron arbour at Melbourne

Country Life

Degree as is almost impossible to describe. In the meantime', Stephen Switzer continues, 'his Colleague (Wise) manag'd Matters nearer home with a Dexterity and Care equal to his Character: and in truth they have deserv'd so much of the World, that 'tis but common Justice to transmit their Memory to Ages to come. . . . The Planting and Raising of all sorts of Trees is so much due to this Undertaking, that 'twill be hard for any of Posterity to lay their hands on a Tree in any of these Kingdoms that has not been part of their care'.

The influence of the great Le Nôtre was plain in everything Wise and London did; but they could not import the French climate (a climate that allowed one to train vines over pleached alleys, for instance); and though they mastered the secret of moving quite large trees, and grew celery for the vanquished but comfortable Marshal Tallard at Nottingham, they could not hope to transplant the boundless splendour, the blazing ruthlessness of Louis XIV to a mild land where compromise (in the guise it might be of a limited purse) so often stepped in to ruin a vista or to allow nature too much of her own erratic way.

And here at Melbourne one sees the kind of thing that happened (if worse did not befall the landscape at the improver's desolating hand). Here, then, the parterre—the first thing one saw as one looked out from house to garden—is now grass, very beautiful grass, finer than any *gazon* in France, but still grass. The yew tunnel—magnificent—has shot to twenty feet high. The fountain-basins have turned from geometric to rustic; and the lime alleys which radiate from the great urn, instead of running to the horizon or appearing so to run, are brought up short after a few yards by a boundary wall. It is of course largely a question of upkeep—in

1716 the seven permanent gardeners at Melbourne were paid eightpence or ninepence a day, women weeders fourpence a day—but one cannot help wishing that somehow one formal English garden, out of all those hundreds, could, with its original parterre and fountains, have survived.

Taken as a whole, the effect at Melbourne is not grievous but joyous. More, is profoundly satisfying. The garden is soft and tranquil, 'a handfull of pleasant delites', but it has to be admitted that its original character, which was French, has been almost wholly obscured and anglicised. In spite of all the clipping and slashing, the garden would seem to have passed from formal to casual, from poodle to Old English sheepdog. It is, in the eighteenth-century phrase, a Wilderness of Sweets, and what sweets they are! The lead statues and urn; the iron arbour and—perhaps the most engaging conceit of all—the seventeenth-century octagonal stone gazebo which Queen Anne's foppish favourite converted from a ruinous dovecot into what he called his library.

The statues are Van Nost at his most vigorous. Perseus, niched to the neck in yew, thrusts at the onlooker a chillingly venomous Medusa's head, whilst in neighbouring corners the infant Castor and Pollux dispute—even to the wrenching of ears and the interlocking of fat legs—the ownership of a bunch of flowers.

And the iron arbour? The gardeners call it the bird cage, and so—a French birdcage—it looks. Bakewell finished it in 1707, sweating over his furnace in the Norman undercroft of a cottage in Melbourne village. Painted silver, even to the delicate oak and laurel fronds trailed over the roof, it is best seen, I think, from the far side of the Great Basin and reflected in it. And then the gazebo with its ogee roof, perched there on the north-east between two little walled gardens, the Peacock Garden and the Library Garden, its casement looking east. The door of its undercroft I found fastened with, of all things, the head of a

golf club. Unfastening it and ducking I found myself in a beautifully dishvaulted room smelling pleasantly of onions and as dry as old bones. It held nothing but a few roots and tubers and, at the threshold, a drift of brown and green leaves dropped by the great tree the gardener called a split oak.

I left it, and, thanks to the courtesy of the owners, who in summer open their house and garden to the public, unlocked both the upper doors (one behind the other) of this garden house—now a muniment room—and, leaving them open, went in. Need I say that what I was looking for lay in a parcel on the top shelf of the last cupboard I examined? This parcel—upon which, by the way, a robin perched while I was working—contained bundles of letters and some notebooks in the hand of the master of Melbourne, one of them inscribed 'Notes and Memorandums concerning my gardens 1698'. In this was a list of trees 'sent down by Mr. Wise in December 1699', which included Bergamot pears and golden pippins, and 492 Dutch elms of two sizes,

which Wise carefully explained how to plant.

Then another list: 'Things to be done this Winter in my garden whilst I am away . . . to make a bed behind ye espalier but close to it of violets . . . to make ye little Grove of trees on ye left hand of the lower garden fitt to walk in, to make Thicketts in it of Roses of severall sorts and hony Suckles, Lee Locks, Seringos and in ye middle a close arbour. To enquire what will grow up the soonest to cover it and what it was Verio planted at Windsor which grew up soe very fast to be a Shade'.

And the result of it all? While away at Queen Anne's Court, Vice-Chamberlain Coke was kept posted of all Melbourne happenings by his sister Betsy, and it was she who wrote to him in the

summer of 1705: 'All the dust and noisy works of your gardens is finished, the gravel walks being done. I believe you will be much pleased with them, and these latte rains have refreshed the turfs and the trees, that you will find it in great beauty'. And two summers later, 'I don't know what to say of your gardens, but as I used to do—mighty pleasant and sweet'.—*Third Programme*

Haworth Parsonage

When one by one the young are gone and the door
All day stays closed, when the turmoil on the stair
The thud and the racket are no more,
The old hold their ears to shut out the silence.
But they who lived here were quiet, hammers
Knocked in the heart, protests of despair
Coiled in the lung, the interminable clamour
Of the mind rang changes to the ear:
Even as babes on the moor they were known by their silence.

He who knew not what he reared, here
Mourned the last swan flown from the muted house
And trod the stage alone and unaware
What drama had been played out in the silence
Before his eyes; or what bird of all
His fair flock, all his dead, would rouse
The torpid world with her wild call,
Piercing the heart with the voice of her passionate silence.

EDRICA HUXS



The yew tunnel

Country Life

A Protestant View of the Modern Novel

By EMYR HUMPHREYS

IT would be as well for me to begin by saying what the title of this talk does *not* mean. I do not intend to survey the theology of modern novels or the beliefs of modern novelists as such. My concern is the expression of religious and moral problems in terms of technique; or, if this sounds too rarefied, how a novelist's attitude governs the way in which he writes, or, simpler still, how what the novelist has to say influences and conditions the way in which he says it. A useful alternative title would have been 'some problems of technique in the post-Joyce era of English fiction'. But this sounds too specialised and too pompous, since what I have to say should be of some interest to readers in general as well as to students of the contemporary novel.

Problems of Form and Expression

It is obvious that any distinction between what is said and how it is said, between matter and manner, between content and form, between meaning and style, is largely artificial. Without technique, without talent, an artist cannot be said to exist in the professional sense. However I wish to make use of this hypothetical distinction, but only as a scaffolding which can be knocked away as soon as the structure of my main argument is apparent. My reason for drawing attention to this distinction is, very simply, that the most gifted English novelist of our century chiefly concerned himself with problems of form and expression. Joyce belonged to that great stream of English Romantic writing which gushed forth with the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. In a recent book Sir Herbert Read has written about two aspects of this great literary movement: the cult of sincerity, and the urge to extend the general range of human consciousness, both giving the Romantic writer a sense of mission and an urge towards something resembling prophecy. Joyce was a 'late romantic' writer whose sense of mission derived from his passionate desire to preserve and keep fit for artistic purposes a language that was being rapidly debased by the vulgarising processes of a blatantly commercial age; from an urge to hew and hammer out of the confusion of his age a work of fiction elevated to the stature of 'giant-art'. Like the great poets who were his contemporaries, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and David Jones, he strove to save the lines of communication, to purify the signs and the signals, so that the honest artist could continue to communicate a valid experience of living to the honest, fastidiously honest, reader.

It is salutary to consider what might have happened to the English novel without *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*: for these are not only gigantic works of art in themselves; they have dammed up for ever the yawning gap through which a flood of meretricious literary kitchen-waste might easily have poured, to bury the tender communication line that must always bind the present moment to the whole living body of English prose. It is not too soon to say that Joyce saved us from being smothered in the spurious; without Joyce (without Eliot and Pound) the atmosphere of English literature today would be that of the bar of a suburban golf club. Honest, serious, sensitive communication would have become practically impossible. Every novelist of any consequence writing since 1922 has benefited from Joyce, in every aspect of his craft: in language, method, presentation, in the entire scope of novel composition. To novelists learning their craft at any time during the past twenty-five years this figure towered above everyone else: too big, too unique to imitate; too disturbing, too great to ignore.

Before his death, Joyce had already become a thesis industry in the United States; and in Britain, novelists whom Henry James had picked as future winners in 1912 never became anything more than Nissen huts at the gates of the Joycean park. It was also natural in a climate of literary experiment that small talents should disport themselves with gay abandon in rabbit warrens of obscurity. Bloomsbury, too, gave its solemn benediction to a sort of pure mathematics of aesthetical experimentation, which especially blessed the 'fragments of a work in progress' or 'chapters of an unfinished novel'. There was a general conviction that in technique, as in everything else, it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive. While it is true that in our era—the

post-Joyce era of the novel's development—every serious novelist is presented with acute problems of form and technique which he must solve in his own way, today it is futile and unhealthy to go on doodling with formal experiment in the hope that if one doodles assiduously enough one will eventually stumble upon something worth saying.

Joyce, then, was as much a writer with a mission as any nineteenth-century giant; but his mission was with language and form, the means of expression. He was a high-priest of language, perhaps a prophet *manqué*; never an Englishman, no longer an Irishman, nor even a cosmopolitan, but a voluntary exile, dedicating his entire life to the ritual of a shrine which was his own genius.

If only to free himself from the tyranny of Joyce, the contemporary novelist gropes for the limitations of the benefit it is possible for his generation to derive from this mighty source. The first limitation arises from the fact that Joyce's romanticism was confined to problems of expression; unlike the intense concern that the romantic artist of the nineteenth century displayed for the progress and well-being of the human race, Joyce's attitude to the human situation was in many ways strangely detached. Having torn himself away from Ireland and her troubles, from the Roman Church and her authority, all western Europe became his laboratory. In this sense, his attitude to humanity in general was strictly empirical, or 'scientific' in the popular sense of the word. He divided the human race into two categories, the first consisting of himself, the second everybody else. The first: the artist, the second: the raw material of his masterpieces—that twentieth-century phenomenon, the man in the street, chiefly embodied in the robust and elephantine figures of Leopold Bloom, and H. C. Earwicker. Category one, the artist, exists in order to create a work of art; category two, to live as greedily as possible the daily round, the commonplaces of the city-dwelling human race, drawing towards it in its diurnal course, by a kind of gravitational pull 'the uncreated consciousness of the race'.

Joyce's Attitude to Life

For Joyce, being the man he was in his time and place in history, this attitude may have been strictly necessary, and perfectly suited his purpose. This attitude of Joyce to the human situation was extraordinarily detached: detailed data, carefully accumulated and assembled by the scrupulously impartial sleepless observer. Joyce's attitude to life around him was what some philosophers would call an 'I-It' relationship: cool, unshockable detachment was all. Such an attitude, apart from attaching more significance to moment-by-moment sensation than I am prepared to accept, for reasons perhaps too devious to pursue in detail at this juncture, presupposes for the writer an independence and detachment (a variant of the Ivory Tower) of a kind that is no longer possible, or even altogether desirable.

For although the later works of James Joyce are still too 'modern' for far too many readers—and this is a disturbing and melancholy fact—history has already left James Joyce behind. Before reaching a reasonably wide public, he has become what ex-President Truman (as prototypical a man-in-the-street in some ways as Earwicker or Bloom!) calls a pre-atomic-age man, as remote from us as Dante, or the anonymous cave artists of Altamira and Lascaux. Human existence has complicated and simplified itself many times over since Mr. Bloom's eventful twenty-four hours in the Dublin of 1904. Joyce's *petit-bourgeois* heroes have been overwhelmed and the working classes of the world—the white, yellow, and black masses—have become a key factor in the technique of political power; monstrously large, frighteningly gullible, defenceless as a jelly fish: the raw material of the dictator's or the advertiser's art.

As for the artist—category one—his predicament was never more uncomfortable. Not only the thorny problems of making a living and getting his work published beset him with unprecedented urgency; the conditions of our time are fiercely inimical to the practice of the arts. Art: the very word invokes derision, contempt, suspicion, impatience. Artistic detachment, of the kind Joyce achieved at no small cost to himself and his family, is no longer possible. The balcony over-

looking the Mediterranean is closed, in need of repair; the patrons, like the nymphs, have departed, and the great Romantic illusion, freedom, is shrunk to a place for one in the queue. All around us wars, revolutions, persecutions, famine, witch-hunts, martyrdoms, crises, rumours, nameless fears, burn like bonfires along the hill-side on a dark night.

Uncontemporary Detachment

Furthermore this detachment, this 'I-it' relationship governing the writer's attitude to his raw material, has not only become difficult or impossible to maintain, not only an uncontemporary attitude, it is diametrically opposed to what could be called the central tradition of the European novel. The two greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, had a concern for humanity of a kind which does not exist in Joyce. In some ways *Ulysses* has more in common with *The Natural History of Selborne* than with *The Brothers Karamazov* or *War and Peace*. Human life for them was not merely the raw material of art; it was a strange sea in which humanity thrashed about like a powerful, bewildered whale, harpooned by death, and still consumed with a desire for immortality. These greatest of novelists looked upon themselves and upon all mankind as souls thirsting equally for salvation. Their attitude to category B, the raw material of their art, was an 'I-Thou' relationship rather than the white-coated, rubber-gloved 'I-it' relationship of Professor Joyce pottering about in his human laboratory.

There is a second aspect of Joyce's attitude to the human situation which had an equally powerful effect on Joyce's technique. Eager to reject the facile progressivism of the nineteenth century Joyce found a view of history which rejected the popular idea of progress, and also provided him with the framework of his two great works. This view he found in *La Scienza Nuova* of Giambattista Vico (a little-known Italian philosopher of the eighteenth century). Vico had a cyclical concept of history which did not really admit the possibility of progress. There were three stages through which civilisations moved; and from stage three in a gigantic cyclical movement, a society returned to stage one.

I am fully aware that the idea of progress today is very unfashionable among thinking people. But it is a strong element in Protestant Christianity; in fact protestantism does not make full sense without it. Both individual and racial salvation are not concepts that can be lightly discarded; and, incidentally, I suspect that they are more closely connected than we are usually inclined to assume. A soul cannot make progress *in vacuo*: many men are better for the existence of one good man, and one good man is the product of some kind of progress that was both individual and social.

But it is not with this wider aspect of the idea of progress that I am concerned here. In the strictest technical sense, the novelist who limits himself to a cyclical concept of history (the vicious circle, as Joyce characteristically calls it) deprives himself of some of the main weapons in a story-teller's armoury. Cycles, like circles, do not have a beginning, middle, and end; what then of tragedy, where a life-time leads to a meaningful crisis of disaster? And what is to be the aesthetic significance of death? Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of any dramatic work within Vico's limits. Joyce made no serious use of plot. But plots are far more than pieces of machinery. A plot not only presents the independently living characters of a novel with situations in which they are forced to act, to make a choice, to consider right and wrong, human destiny, their own destiny and salvation; it also reflects the author's understanding of some aspect of his experience of life in which he has been able to catch a glimpse of meaning, if not a vision of the will of God.

Neither plot nor any form of commentary, direct or indirect, held much positive interest for Joyce: indeed, his objection to the use of plot and comment was fundamental to the idea of his art. He deliberately ruled them out. We, with equal deliberation, should rule them in. To put the problem in another way—making use I hope for the last time of the hypothetical distinction between how an artist expresses himself and what he has to express—whereas in Joyce's day how the artist spoke was rather more crucial than what he had to say, by today, the difficulty of having something important, vital, to say has become greater than the problem of expression. In our time, the novelist's attitude is more crucial than his manner of expression.

To survive the almost unbearable complexities of his predicament, the novelist must somehow arrive at a balance within himself. If he wishes to establish communication on a serious level today, he must arrive at a positive attitude to the human situation before he can begin

to say anything worth communicating. He cannot continue for ever to indulge himself in the quiet sport of technical experimentation, or continue for ever to produce sensitive, nostalgic accounts of the delights of his shining or shadowed childhood.

The artist today needs to exert his intelligence over a wider range than even the most serious Victorians found necessary. Somehow or other he must come to terms with science, and the fantastic powers that science has thrust into man's unsteady hand; with the revolutions our society has undergone and is undergoing. Unless he is graced with the dizzy somnambulism that can ignore it all, he must accept this predicament as a direct and personal challenge to himself. To meet this challenge, the writer's attitude to life, his positive attitude to the human situation, must be grounded on a faith which his reason, his conscience, and his experience can accept and serve. It is always true that a novelist's attitude lends its particular significance to his work, and I do not doubt that the serious novel of this mid-twentieth century will be the novelist's response to the challenge he has to meet. But today the novelist needs his faith as a blind man needs his stick. It may be no more than a quiet, persistent, tough humility, but it is a fundamental condition of useful survival. Without it, the novelist is in constant danger of being ham-strung by his own hesitations, his over-cultivated sensitivity, or of having his talents trampled upon by wills stronger than his own.

It is no accident that so much of the writing that has stood the stress of the past thirty years has been the work of Catholic writers. Their religion has given them a firm attitude, a still centre in a turning world. In the case of Francois Mauriac, or Graham Greene, the novel reader feels assured that in questions of behaviour, of good and evil, right and wrong, these writers are able to refer to the unquestioned spiritual authority of the church whose more or less obedient sons they are. In the last resort, they know where they stand; they know what to accept and what to reject.

But in this they are different from the great mass of readers with whom they communicate. One of the outstanding characteristics of our time is that people in general, and intelligent people in particular, do not know where they stand. The more optimistic cling to what they choose to describe as 'an open mind'; the rest, in the Gallop pollster's phrase, 'don't know'. And how much of the so-called post-war return to religion is more than a search for a more reliable insurance policy that might even cover the hazards of drifting rudderless on a great sea that leads to no certain harbour except death?

Protestant Zeal

Protestantism more than any other single force is responsible for the condition civilisation finds itself in today. It was our forefathers, having rejected the authority of Rome and the cosmology of the Middle Ages, who embraced a reformed Christianity, a dynamic and romantic force, which laid the foundations of this new world which we go on blindly building. In every aspect of human life, the spirit of protestant zeal entered—commerce, industry, science, philosophy, art—to transform the face of the entire civilised world. The Renaissance and the Reformation are great upheavals in world history that are still active, still working, still progressing, and all of us feel the compulsion to go on, to move forward, even though we no longer know where we are going or why. Few even feel the need to swim against the tide, and if they do it is not surprising how soon they give up trying. It is not merely that we are loth to part with the ease and creature comforts that humanistic science continues to shower upon us; the Protestant Reformer cracked the safe we call the New Testament, and like the spirits of Pandora's box, the terrible ideas of justice, brotherhood, equality, love, freedom, service, have infected the whole of mankind and perhaps driven them mad.

The novel is, as it were, a by-product of this same protestant dynamic. Bunyan, Defoe, Fielding, and Richardson were militant Protestants. And, indeed, but for two or three comparatively recent converts it would be a difficult business to discover a Catholic novelist of any importance writing in English.

Religion got us into the mess we are in and therefore religion should get us out of it. There is truth in such a crude, illogical statement. Every respectable literary critic of our time talks about revitalising the myth, about the return to reinforced ritual, and the subordination of reason and morality to an organic faith. But religions are not bought ready made, they cannot even be taught. Cheerful logic chopping about the rival claims of Canterbury and Rome or cosy common-room sophistry on the Virgin Birth will not get anyone very

far. Religion must embrace what is true in science, because no religion worth the name should be afraid of truth. Religion cannot ignore science on the so-called spiritual plane any more than science can ignore religion on the material.

The intellectual world of our time has been brave and bold enough to declare that it will not accept anything which cannot be demonstrated by experiment to be true: but if this intellectual world has no experience of God, what can it experiment with? It is not by deserting the protestant principle of personal responsibility that our way of living will recover any degree of stability and meaning. This is something to cling to. It is absolutely right that the writer should be unwilling to become responsible to the state, monolithic or welfare; to the social revolution or to the Ministry of Information; or even to the vested interests of any institution, secular or ecclesiastical: but it is absolutely wrong that he should reject all responsibility. Since Keats and Shelley the demand for absolute freedom has been an obvious weakness in the Romantic writer's position.

Personal responsibility is a protestant principle; one of the few protestant principles that still retains its pristine force and power. The great Welsh writer, Morgan Llwyd (a nonconformist of the most extreme persuasion) described man's conscience as the book in which it pleases God to inscribe his will. Often, in the recent past, the artist has shied away from the crude strength of the protestant conscience—that constant, hoarse, dynamic whisper. But it possesses an exciting paradoxical combination of simplicity and complexity: an awareness of the great mystery, the infinite unconditional nature of God, and the egocentric solitude and sin of man in his trap of time.

Personal responsibility, conscience, a humble respect for experimental truth; these are aspects of the protestant principle a novelist in our time should hasten to cherish. But there belongs to the protestant principle yet another advantage. It belongs to the prophetic rather than the priestly tradition, and professionally the novelist has more to learn, more to gain from the prophet than the priest. A prophet is a prophet because God has seen fit to give him some key to the insuperable difficulties in which humanity chooses to lock itself from time to time. It is part of the prophetic power to grapple with a contemporary situation

and to read in it a meaning which others will learn to regard as some aspect of the will of God.

But what has a prophet to do with plots? It is a paradox of the prophetic view of history that no two identical situations can be found and yet history continues to unfold the one ageless mystery, the relationship between an unconditional infinite creator, and finite, conditional, created yet aspiring mankind. There is nothing new under the sun, and yet every moment of living must be something unique: the conflict of Parmenides and Heraclitus resolved in the Christian synthesis; so that, in this view, free-will and predestination are not so mutually exclusive as the schools have made them. Every situation is not merely an event to be described, or even to be carefully and honestly interpreted: at the heart of each significant situation there is a mystery—like the universe in the grain of sand—which the artist must touch or at least approach: and the mark of his power will be a glow and a flourish about his work that indicate the sureness of his aim.

All art is a transmutation of significant experience. The novel demands an experience which is not confined to the novelist's own living; by means of sympathy he must extend his range to include others on the same level as himself. This sympathy must grow from a love of humanity. This is the only attitude to living that will bring back some kind of music to the tired, overworked vocabulary he picks up like cigarette stumps floating in the gutter, and revitalise the jaded forms of an art always contending with the greed of commerce: a love that refuses to dry up, that begins with the Creation and yearns for the Creator; a conscience that refuses to be muffled, a pursuit of vision to the point of death.

The kind of novelist whom I have called protestant, he is required to love the human race at a time when it was never more difficult to love, when it has lost both the guileless spontaneity of the savage and the primitive; and the gaieties and sophistication of upper-class culture; and has gained nothing that cannot be obtained in a tin. The New Testament founded the idea of Christian progress on faith, hope, and love; and these are the weapons the aspiring novelist needs not only to save his art but also to work out his own salvation.—*Welsh Home Service*

News Diary: March 18-31, 1953

Wednesday, March 18

Home Secretary explains in Commons about compensation to farmers for flood damage
U.S. representative at U.N. Assembly questions Russian delegate about his Government's attitude to disarmament
French Union forces in Indo-China carry out big raid south-west of Hanoi

Thursday, March 19

Federal German Parliament approves bills ending allied occupation and agreeing to treaty establishing European Defence Community
General Chuikov, Head of Soviet Control Commission in Germany, suggests conference with British representatives about air corridor
Chancellor of Exchequer speaks to conference in London of need for further increasing sterling area reserves

Friday, March 20

A *communiqué* published after the Anglo-Yugoslav talks in London refers to 'a wide identity of views' on international situation
Mr. Nikita Khrushchev is appointed Secretary-General of the Soviet Communist Party
Dr. Moussadeq rejects latest Anglo-American proposals for solving oil dispute

Saturday, March 21

President Tito ends his visit to England
Mr. Zapotocky, the Czechoslovak Prime Minister, is unanimously elected President in succession to Mr. Gottwald
Governor-General of the Sudan signs statute providing for self-government

Sunday, March 22

General Neguib, Prime Minister of Egypt, again demands unconditional evacuation of Suez Canal Zone
Chairman of National Coal Board states that the coal industry may have a deficit of £40,000,000 by the end of the year

Monday, March 23

Some import restrictions to be relaxed and foreign travel allowances increased
Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler attend meeting of Council of Ministers of O.E.E.C. in Paris
A South African Appeal Court upholds lower Court's acquittal of African who refused to leave a European waiting room at Capetown station

Tuesday, March 24

Death of H.M. Queen Mary
Britain to hold talks with Russia about air corridor in Germany
French police raid headquarters of Communist-led Confederation of Labour

Wednesday, March 25

Tributes paid to Queen Mary in both Houses of Parliament
Sir Gladwyn Jebb attacks Czechoslovak reign of terror in speech before U.N. Assembly

Thursday, March 26

Mr. Eden informs Commons of decision to hand over to Federal German Government seven former leading Nazis arrested by British authorities
Franco-American conference opens in Washington

News photographs appear on the next two pages

Friday, March 27

Over 100 loyal Kikuyu massacred by Mau Mau terrorists
U.S. Senate confirms appointment of Mr. Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia

Saturday, March 28

Commanders in North Korea agree to an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war and propose a resumption of armistice talks
Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, sees General Neguib in Cairo
Governor of Kenya visits scene of massacre of loyal Kikuyu

Sunday, March 29

Thousands visit Westminster Hall where Queen Mary lies in state after the royal coffin has been brought from Marlborough House
Italian Upper House approves electoral reform bill

Monday, March 30

Chinese Prime Minister broadcasts statement about negotiations on Korea
Marshal Tito arrives back in Yugoslavia
Economic Survey for 1953 published

Tuesday, March 31

Funeral service for Queen Mary takes place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Memorial service held in St. Paul's Cathedral
General Mark Clark writes letter to Communists about exchange of wounded prisoners in Korea
France to reduce imports from Europe



The gun carriage bearing the coffin of Queen Mary passing Queen Alexandra's Memorial as the cortege left Marlborough House for Westminster Hall on Sunday. The four Royal Dukes are walking behind the gun carriage



The Archbishop of Canterbury receive the coffin of Queen Mary lifted from the gun carriage by the four Royal Dukes



Part of the great queue of people in Millbank who waited on Sunday evening to enter Westminster Hall in order to pay their last respects to Queen Mary. When the hall was closed to the public at 3.0 a.m. on Tuesday over 100,000 people had filed past the catafalque



Troops of the 1st Battalion The Devonshire Regiment preparing to leave Colchester for Kenya early this week. They are part of the reinforcements that are being flown out to deal with the new wave of terrorism in the colony. On March 27 over 100 loyal Kikuyu were massacred by Mau Mau terrorists in a location near Nairobi



at the door of Westminster Hall to be met with her personal standard, it was a member party of the Queen's Company, the Guards



In Westminster Hall as the body of Queen Mary lay in state. On Tuesday the coffin was taken to Windsor where, after the funeral service, Queen Mary was laid to rest beside King George V in St. George's Chapel



Neguib, Prime Minister of Egypt, waving to the crowd from his train when he toured southern Egypt. On his return to Cairo he and Mr. Selwyn Selwyn-Briggs, British Minister of State, discussed difficulties in the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Sudan



The Irish horse *Early Mist* taking the last jump to win the Grand National at Aintree on Saturday by twenty lengths. Of the thirty-one runners only five finished the course

Right: in the Boat Race on Saturday Cambridge kept the lead from Oxford from the start and won by eight lengths. The crews are seen approaching Barnes Bridge



The New Defamation Act

By A BARRISTER

'Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls'.

GOOD name is thus a kind of spiritual asset; something that resides in the thought of others, in the esteem they have for us; in the things they say of us. These things constitute our reputation. To attack our reputation, to diminish the esteem in which we are held by others, is to do us a wrong, it may be a great wrong. A good name is better than riches. And the law which protects our material assets and our physical integrity seeks also to safeguard our moral integrity and our good name.

Evolution of Jurisdiction

In the early days this protection was accorded by the local courts, and by the spiritual courts, the old Courts Christian, which afterwards became the King's ecclesiastical courts of the Church of England. In the period of the Tudors and the Stuarts, the Star Chamber claimed and exercised a certain jurisdiction over libel, as a crime and as a civil wrong; and the common law courts (which came to inherit the jurisdiction of the Star Chamber in this respect) began to challenge and gradually to oust the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts. At last, in 1855, the old jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts in matters of defamation was abolished by statute, and the King's judges acquired an exclusive jurisdiction in cases of libel and slander which in the beginning (as we have seen) had been handled by the local courts and the diocesan courts.

Unlike the law of Scotland and of the continental countries, the law of defamation in England is not a uniform system. It differs, one may say, according to the mode of publication of the defamatory words. If the words are in writing or in print or other permanent form, the wrong is called libel; if the words are spoken or in some other transient form, the wrong is called slander. And the law of slander bears traces, in artificial and technical distinctions, of the struggle in which the courts of common law wrested jurisdiction from the ecclesiastical courts. There are, besides, certain broad distinctions between libel and slander in our law. Libel is a crime as well as a civil wrong. Slander is a civil wrong and not a crime. Again, in an action for libel the plaintiff does not need to allege or prove actual, that is tangible, material damage. In an action for slander (apart from certain exceptional cases) it is necessary for the plaintiff to allege and prove actual damage, some sensible material loss.

In the course of time parliament took a hand in shaping the law of defamation, which had hitherto been developed by the judges of the King's Court. At the end of the eighteenth century Fox's Libel Act took away from the judges the determination of the issue, libel or no libel; and gave it to the jury. It was a change of high constitutional importance. In the course of the nineteenth century the growth of the press is reflected in a series of statutes, like Lord Campbell's Act of 1843, and the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act of 1881, and the Law of Libel Amendment Act of 1888, which made certain new defences available to the proprietors of newspapers and conferred certain privileges—some people thought an undue measure of privilege—on them in matters of civil and criminal law.

Meanwhile, certain decisions of the courts, apart from statute, in cases of defamation seemed to bear hardly on newspaper proprietors, and on authors and printers and publishers. Thus, it was thought a hardship (this is the famous case of *Artemus Jones*) that a publisher of a newspaper or a novel should be held liable in damages in respect of defamatory words in an article or a book about a supposed imaginary person, which were none the less found by a jury to be in fact defamatory of the plaintiff in an action. Again, it was thought to be a hardship when a report in a newspaper of the conviction for bigamy of a certain gentleman of Camberwell, called Harold Newstead, was found by a jury to be defamatory of another gentleman of the same name who also lived in Camberwell. And there was a regular chorus of protest when the proprietors of a certain illustrated daily paper, which printed an

innocent-looking photograph taken at the races of a certain Mr. Cassidy and his *fiancée*, were cast in damages in an action for libel brought by the wife of Mr. Cassidy, with whom he was in the habit of staying from time to time, and whose neighbours and friends were scandalised by the suggestion that she was not a lawful spouse. The principle underlying all these decisions of the Courts was that one who puts into circulation words that are found to be in fact defamatory of another has to answer for it; that liability depends, not on the intention to defame, but on the fact of defamation.

Such a mode of reasoning did not appeal to newspaper proprietors, printers and publishers. Accordingly, in 1938, a private member's bill was introduced with the object of amending the law so as to remove these and other grievances. Apart from the matters specifically dealt with in the bill, there were other problems—like the problem arising out of the introduction of broadcasting—that seemed also to call for legislation. Old decisions seemed to indicate that, in law, broadcasting from a written script was libel, while broadcasting without a script was slander. And there were other artificial and technical distinctions in the law which called for a remedy. The Lord Chancellor of the day accordingly undertook to appoint a committee which would examine the whole law of libel and slander and make recommendations for its amendment. On this undertaking the private bill, which had been introduced in the Commons by Sir Stanley Reed, was not proceeded with. A committee, of which Lord Porter was chairman, was appointed, and, after the interruption of the war, made its report in 1948. The Defamation Act, 1952, is in substance an attempt to translate into law the main recommendations of the Porter committee. It was introduced as a private bill by Mr. Harold Lever, Member of Parliament for the Cheetham division of Manchester, and its passage through parliament was greatly assisted by the good-will and co-operation of Sir Lionel Heald, K.C., M.P., the Attorney-General.

Save in regard to broadcasting, the new statute (though it is called the Defamation Act 1952) makes no attempt to merge the law of libel and of slander in one uniform system. In some ways it seems not only to accept but even to aggravate the distinction. The first section enacts that the broadcasting of words by means of wireless telegraphy shall in future be treated as publication in permanent form. In other words a broadcast—scripted or unscripted—by means of wireless telegraphy shall be treated as libel. It all seems simple and satisfactory until we read in another section that broadcasting by means of wireless telegraphy means publication for general reception and not otherwise. Broadcasting otherwise than for general reception will still fall under the old rule, and be libel or slander according as it is from a script or without a script, as before. It will, it seems, be for the courts to say what is broadcasting for general reception. 'That is the end of the general news'. Is the news which follows, from the Midlands shall we say, broadcast for general reception? Or must we go to Goodwood for the distinction, where a 'description of the races as they are run is broadcast to some enclosures but not to others'?

Megacycles in Law

One who scrutinises the relevant statutes will also find (so it seems) that the use for the purposes of the broadcast of electro-magnetic energy of a frequency exceeding 3,000,000 megacycles a second is outside the operation of the statute and leaves the issue, slander or libel, to be determined by the ancient and technical rules of the common law. In this way plus or minus one megacycle may in law make all the difference between slander and libel.

The attempt in another section of the act to provide a remedy for unintentional defamation by publishers, printers, and newspaper proprietors in cases like those of Harold Newstead and Mrs. Cassidy is scarcely likely to fulfil the highest hopes of those who sought a remedy for their grievance. The section is all very complicated and reads like a cumbrous attempt to restore the old practice of the ecclesiastical courts, which sought to repair the wrong done without an award of monetary damages. The new Act does not annul the law laid down

in the cases of Artemus Jones and Newstead and Cassidy. It says that in such cases, if the publisher is able to show he did not intend to refer to the person making complaint, and did not know of circumstances by virtue of which the words used might be understood to refer to the complainant; or (in cases where the words are innocent on their face) that he did not know of circumstances by virtue of which they might be understood to be defamatory; and in any event that he and his servants and agents exercised all reasonable care in relation to the matter; and if, in addition, he is able to prove there was no malice on the part of the author of the words; and if again (these things being proved) he is able to show that he made an offer of amends as soon as possible, that is to say, an offer to publish or join in publishing a suitable correction and a sufficient apology; if all these conditions are satisfied he will be able to plead them as a defence in any action that may be brought in respect of the alleged defamatory words. It will be remarked that one of the conditions precedent to the validity of the defence is proof that the author of the words wrote them without malice. This makes the identity of the author of the words a relevant issue in the action, which is not likely to be to the taste of newspaper proprietors and others, who have always claimed a certain privilege of non-disclosure in this respect.

Other sections of the act in relation to the defences of justification, that is, of truth, and of fair comment, will be very acceptable to defendants in actions for defamation. Hitherto, in order to make good a plea of truth, the defendant had to prove the truth of each distinct and several defamatory imputation. For instance, if a person were said to be an adulterer and a thief and a fraudulent fellow, a defendant pleading justification would have to prove each of these allegations. Under the new act it will no longer be necessary to prove the truth of each distinct charge. If the charge or charges not proved to be true do not (in the opinion of the jury or the trial judge) materially injure the plaintiff's reputation, having regard to the truth of the charge or charges proved to be true, the defendant will be entitled to succeed in his defence. A similar change is made in relation to the defence of fair comment on facts truly stated which are matter of public interest. Hitherto the defendant had to prove as the basis of his defence that all the facts on which the comments are based

were true. In future the defence is not to fail if the comment is fair, having regard to such of the facts alleged or referred to in the defamatory statement as are proved to be true. These changes in the law in relation to the defences of truth and of fair comment presuppose an ability in a common jury to make a just estimate of the relative injury and wrong done by allegations, let us say again, of adultery and theft and fraud.

In practice, the most useful section of the new act is likely to be that which confers on newspapers and certain periodicals a qualified privilege in respect of fair and accurate reports of proceedings of certain courts and legislatures outside Great Britain; and of public inquiries and meetings of public companies. And fair and accurate reports also of the findings and decisions of the governing body or any committee of certain associations, for instance, for promoting or encouraging any art, science, religion, or learning, or any trade, business, industry, or profession; or any game, sport, or pastime, to the playing or exercise of which members of the public are invited or admitted. In future, that is to say, newspapers will be protected in respect of a fair and accurate report of a finding or decision of, for example, the Jockey Club, in the exercise of its customary jurisdiction over persons who are members of the club or by virtue of any contract subject to its control. In the past such decisions of the Jockey Club might be printed in the *Racing Calendar*, but were not privileged if they were printed or reprinted in the national press. The protection now afforded to newspapers (within the statutory definition) is twofold. In certain cases the statements in the newspaper are privileged without explanation or contradiction; in certain other cases statements are privileged subject to explanation or contradiction on the part of the person defamed.

The cases in which the report is privileged without explanation or contradiction, and the cases in which the report is privileged subject to explanation or contradiction, are set out in an elaborate schedule to the act. Newspaper men will be wise and study the schedule. Other citizens of ordinary prudence will be more wise and consult a solicitor. Solicitors in turn will consult counsel. And, for the sake of truth and certainty in the law, counsel will argue any point you please before the judges of the High Court and the Court of Appeal, and, if leave be granted, before the House of Lords.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

New Light on Population

Sir,—Since Mr. Colin Clark spoke mainly as an economist, it is up to at least one other economist to state the case against his 'New Light on Population' given in the Third Programme, and published in THE LISTENER.

The most significant fact in this broadcast is the complete omission of three most important new trends in economics: the practical aim of raising minimum standards of living; taking more heed of the findings of sociology and anthropology; and attention to Mr. Clark's own statistical enquiries. Nor does this broadcast mention the older, sterner, virtues of economic forethought, but gives way at the end to an Indian peasant woman's traditional fatalism and belief that the poor must always be with us. This is no 'New Light' on population, but just Old Darkness.

Failure to mention standards of living is perhaps the most staggering of these omissions. Of course the world could maintain larger populations today; but does the economist, or indeed any rational person today, want more and more people just subsisting? Mr. Clark admits there are 'cases of extreme population density; . . . undoubtedly serious' and cites 'India, Pakistan, Indo-China, eastern China, Java, Egypt, perhaps some other Middle Eastern and east European countries'. He holds that these are not the general rule (which is curious, since his exceptions add up to about half the world's popula-

tion). But would having more people help the standard of living either of these countries or of the rest of the world? Not unless a more than corresponding enterprise and industrial or agricultural development necessarily followed. But where is the evidence for this?

Modern economists realise the importance of the factors studied in anthropology, sociology and also psychology. But the broadcast coolly assumes that Indians can quickly be turned into Dutchmen or Italians for energy and enterprise. 'If someone could explain to the Indian just the simple arts of dairying and fruit growing and rice cultivation as practised by the Italian peasant, the Indian would within a few years be twice as well off as he is now'. Is Mr. Clark really so naive about the Indian working tempo, and Indian religious traditions and taboos—not to mention Indian land tenure?

Finally, what has happened to Mr. Clark's own conclusions about the price of foods relative to manufactures? A rise is occurring (owing partly to the pressure of populations and growing scarcity of food in the food-producing countries) which casts considerable doubt on the wisdom of the industrialisation programme Mr. Clark's broadcast now advocates.

I have been at pains to confine myself to three big omissions that must be repaired if this broadcast is really to qualify as 'new light'; and to avoid economic technicalities. But there is, as well, much disputable contention and

topsy-turvy invective. Is it true that 'medical research would have been slowed down or stopped' if the rates of population growth had been checked? Where is medical research coming from now? From the unchecked populations of India, Java, Egypt, China; or the checked populations of America, England, and Western Europe?

Again Mr. Clark accuses the Malthusians of being 'bedfellows' to the imperialist. But it is Mr. Clark, not a Malthusian, whose broadcast glories in 'British world supremacy' and being 'top nation', and who even suggests invading other planets.—Yours, etc.,

P. SARGANT FLORENCE
University of Birmingham

Sir,—Fourteen years ago, in his *Critique of Russian Statistics*, Mr. Colin Clark described how, in Russia, the Malthusian Devil 'still holds sway, unexorcised by Marxist dialectic'. In his recent broadcast Mr. Clark has gone one better than the Marxist dialectic: not merely has he exorcised the Malthusian Devil, but, with a flick of a Clarkian statistic, he proves that it never existed at all.

Of course the solution for the poverty of the under-developed areas of the world (the handful of such areas which Mr. Clark says 'just about exhaust the list' contains more than one-third of the human race) lies mainly in industrialisation and the improvement of agriculture, whatever

their birth and death rates. But by what means and at what cost? 'If someone could explain to the Indian . . . the simple arts of dairying and fruit growing and rice cultivation, as practised by the Italian peasant, the Indian would within a few years be twice as well off as he is now'.

This may well be true: but the statistical statement glosses over the real problem, which is that explaining, not merely to 'the Indian', but to fifty or a hundred million Indians, requires something like a social revolution. And where is the capital to come from, for the fertilisers and the simple tools (never mind the tractors), for the irrigation and land reclamation, and above all for the industrialisation? Out of their own savings? Here again the Mr. Clark of 1939 has described in eloquent, if unduly pessimistic, terms how Soviet industrialisation, 'fantastic and uneconomic as it appears from many points of view', had probably succeeded in 'cornering the Malthusian Devil'. But the price was paid in intense privation and with a political regime of remarkable foresight, unbroken continuity and unparalleled ruthlessness. Those who reject Communist methods must pin their faith on, among other things, a great inflow of capital from the advanced countries of the free world. Progress in this direction has been painfully slow, and we can but welcome the courage and good sense of Indian statesmen, for example, who have officially advocated birth control if only because it may buy time for the free world to grasp its full responsibilities. (Incidentally, fear of the Malthusian Devil has certainly *not* been a major consideration in family limitation in advanced countries, nor is it the only argument for it in under-developed countries.)

Economists and reformers who seek ways and means of industrialisation without loss of every vestige of liberty will derive as little consolation from Mr. Clark's statistical wizardry as those concerned with such parochial matters as the British economic position will derive from his extraordinary remark that 'Nobody is seriously worried about dense populations in advanced industrial countries, which find it relatively easy to sell industrial products and to buy food in return'. Tell that to Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell!—Yours, etc.,

G. D. N. WORSWICK
Magdalen College, Oxford

Sir,—In his 'New Light on Population' (THE LISTENER, March 26) Mr. Colin Clark gave from his expert knowledge many facts about how world food production might be hugely increased. Unfortunately he chose not to draw from these merely the minimum, soberly encouraging, moral that—granted energetic goodwill and if only we could at least slow down the present great and steadily increasing rate of world population growth—we might ensure that within, say, a generation there was no one in the world without enough to eat. (At present the majority of the human race is underfed: and each year the position gets worse). He preferred instead to embed his facts in a piece of reckless polemic.

Mr. Clark writes 'children are born in accordance with the wishes and consciences of their parents, and it is a matter of natural right that they should be'. The ethical claim may well be conceded: but it only serves to underline the falsity of the would-be factual statement. For, unhappily, even in the most advanced countries it is still far from universally true that children are conceived only when and to parents who wish to have them. While, unfortunately, in the backward countries—where the biggest population growths occur—the question of choice does not arise. Recently the Norwegian delegation to the World Health Organisation—thinking that birth control was the logical corollary to death control—proposed

a plan for making contraceptive facilities available to any member country which asked for them: the Catholic delegates threatened boycott; and this modest, liberal, and sane proposal could not even be discussed. If all parenthood were—as Mr. Clark wrongly suggests that it is—voluntary, then perhaps Malthusian questions would scarcely arise at all.—Yours, etc.,

ANTONY FLEW
King's College, Aberdeen University

Presenting Third Programme Music

Sir,—Your always admirably helpful music critic, Mr. Dyneley Hussey, came out last week with a blunt complaint as to the Third Programme—a complaint that, I am sure, is shared by many of us who are grateful for that valuable feature of the B.B.C.'s daily activities. (Does any foreign country provide its listeners with a feature anything like so good?)

He put into cold print a few straight words about the performance on each of two successive evenings of no less than two hours and twenty minutes of Vivaldi's 'L'Estro Armonico'. To be allowed to make acquaintance with that neglected work was an appreciated privilege but *who on earth wants so much of the blessed thing at one go?* Mr. Hussey evidently doesn't and I don't either!

Now Mr. Hussey is a professional music critic and I myself spent many years of my life as one. And if those big meals go beyond our appetite how much more must they go beyond that of the intelligent 'ordinary listener', to whom the Third Programme, tactfully conducted, should be an invaluable means of widening his musical education. I am sure that the overdose system on which that programme is largely conducted must 'put off' hundreds of potential lovers of the best music. What is that programme for? To gratify a few of the highest of highbrows or to widen the circle of intelligent listeners?

May I be allowed to mention a few more instances of non-appreciation of the 'ordinary, intelligent listener's' position? To begin with—'Why so much announcement in foreign languages? It seems to be assumed that the whole more or less educated portion of our population understands French, Italian, and German. Does it? Here are merely a few typical examples of German titles recently announced—*Verklärte Nacht, Hunnenschlacht Die Weihe des Hauses, Reihe kleine Stücke, Die Schlittschuhläufer, Aus der Böhmer-Walde*. Those are typical of the academic attitude. Look through any issue of *Radio Times* and you will find dozens of those repellent titles—repellent, that is, to a large proportion of the B.B.C.'s listeners. Plain English is not a bad language: would there be anything *infra dig.* in using it?

Then why recount to the public the Italian expressions composers have attached to their works? They did this not at all for the edification of the listener but merely for the direction of the performer. To give one small example out of hundreds: the announcer of Beethoven's piano sonata Op. 109 the other day carefully informed us that its movements were *Sempre legato* followed by *Adagio espressivo, Prestissimo, Andante cantabile ed espressivo*—and so forth. Why? What good did this do anyone? To prepare the listener for 'four movements' is common sense but all that Italian rigmarole (which in any case nobody can remember) is a mere useless display of the announcer's erudition.

'Which nobody can remember'—A few days ago there was a performance of Mussorgsky's 'Pictures at an Exhibition'. It was prefaced by the following, 'The movements are as follows—*The Old Castle, Tulleries, Polish Ox-cart, Ballet of Chicks in their Shells, Samuel Goldberg and Schmuyle, Limoges, Catacombs, The Hut on*

Fowl's Legs, The Great Gate of Kiev'. Obviously these titles should not have been poured out as a wholesale supply. Appreciation of this work demands the listener's knowing what is being musically represented. Each title should have quietly preceded the movement to which it applied and for want of this the work must to hundreds (if hundreds continued listening?) have largely lost its significance.

I could go on, Mr. Editor—and go on for a fairly long time. But I have perhaps said enough to show that the presentation of our wonderful Third Programme lacks one thing—sympathetic understanding of the 'plain man', of the 'ordinary listener'. If the Third Programme is to contribute, as it is surely intended to do, to the widening of the nation's love of the best music there must be the daily application on the part of those who draft and those who announce the programmes of what we may call 'practical psychology'—or, less grandly, of *ordinary common-sense*.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford PERCY A. SCHOLES

What is a 'Democratic Education'?

Sir,—I regret that your correspondent should have been offended by my letter. What I had in mind was that secondary schools require the specialist teacher for English, History, Geography, Mathematics, Music, and so on, and their college course should prepare them accordingly. A kindergarten mistress with the Froebel certificate would not be offended or feel inferior if she were told that the secondary school was not her sphere of work. In the same way the training college provides a general course for teachers with an emphasis on the history and theory of education, methods of instruction and on psychology, and an excellent course it is as far as it goes and for the purpose it serves. I know this from personal experience, but it is not, to my mind, the appropriate training for secondary teachers.

However, I apologise to your correspondent. He drew a possible inference but not one intended by me.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford L. FORSTER

Sir,—As I read through Dr. James' talks I found them at first eminently reasonable. With little could I disagree. He appeared to be holding the balance very fairly, generously admitting value wherever he found it. But as I read on I began to be disquieted; there was perhaps little also with which the Colonel Blimps of the educational world could disagree. That is the trouble with too bland and reasonable a statement; each reader can interpret it to fit his own views. We can no doubt all agree that young people need some measure of control over their own lives, of self-government. The real problem is to decide how much; and in this one does not know where Dr. James stands. He seems to take back with the left hand what he gives with the right. His statement about the dangers of self-government in the second talk, on exact logical analysis, can be read as a criticism of 'trials' only, but its general effect is to cast doubt on the whole policy of self-government.

A statement that starts out from its reasonable context with a hint of the subjective is the one introducing a contrast between raffia mats and Greek verse or higher mathematics. Has not Dr. James fallen into the common temptation to depreciate an activity by referring to its most trivial aspect? This sort of statement raises a laugh and side-tracks thought. I have no more use for raffia mats than has Dr. James, but I am much concerned with the whole range of activities and experiences so easily ignored by those trained in Greek verse and mathematics. It may be every bit as important for the future of democracy to develop a sensitive feeling for craftsmanship and design, to encourage aesthetic

imagination and judgment in those activities not usually included in university education, as it is to perform intellectual feats.

Even if we substitute fuse-mending for raffia mats, the scale of values is still irrelevant to fundamental needs. The whole question of what we mean by culture is raised. Is it what is preserved in the schools and universities, a precious distillate of the intellectual activity of the most gifted? Or is it concerned with the pattern of behaviour and attitudes, the forces that condition activities and relationships from top to bottom of society—of leaders no less than led? The fact that all over the democratic world leaders fail to bring light and reassurance suggests that they, no less than the common man, are bound in cultural fetters that no intellectual strivings can strike off. There was one exception—Gandhi—and he identified himself, not with those acknowledged to be excellent, but in humility with the poorest in the community.

I missed in the talks any reference to the impact of Christian feeling and thought on our concept of democracy. It is the absence of this, I think, that leaves us without any point of attack or valid criterion of judgment, and leaves the reader trying to plot his own position on an irrelevant scale between two unreal points. The sense in which all men are equal is the most important consideration in education; it cannot be understood apart from Christian philosophy and a knowledge of the impact in history of the Christian impulse on society. It is what we mean by 'equality in the sight of God' and the equal valuation of people as persons—not merely as creatures having certain rights—that must somehow be expressed in education if we are to preserve wholeness in democracy. To delve into the meaning of this equality is to go to the root causes of disharmony. The Christian concept of leadership takes us far beyond the Platonic; it involves not elevation to membership of an elite but a call to unassuming service. The survival of democracy depends primarily on a sweetening of the soil at its roots.

I am not committed to a support of comprehensive schools; being immersed in the relatively intimate life of a boarding school I am frightened by their size and possibly impersonal quality. But I shall be on their side if they create the conditions for the wholesome development of a sense of community and genuine mutual valuation between young people of all classes and ranges of ability. I am wholly with Dr. James in his protest against the individualism that cannot admit the superior wisdom and excellence of others, but it is possible that I differ equally wholly as to the conditions that will produce the opposite—the necessary humility. This humility is required not only in the obviously ignorant but also in those who seem to excel in knowledge. It seems to me that our real endeavour cuts through most of the distinctions that Dr. James makes: it is to discover the truth that is hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes.—Yours, etc.,

KENNETH C. BARNES

Wennington School, Wetherby

The Understanding of Poetry

Sir,—In reviewing Mr. House's book on Coleridge, Sir Herbert Read rightly calls attention to the difference it makes to get behind the *Anima Poetae* version of the note which includes this statement:

When no criticism is pretended to, and the Mind in its simplicity gives itself up to a Poem as to a work of nature, Poetry gives most pleasure when only generally and not perfectly understood.

The 'emendation' he refers to (i.e., the addition of the adverbial clause, omitted in *Anima Poetae* p. 5) was, however, made in Miss K. Coburn's *Inquiring Spirit* (1951, No. 122), where the

passage from Notebook 21 (p. 10) was correctly printed.

I did not hear Mr. House's lectures, and his book has not yet reached the Cambridge shops. Drawing a bow at a venture, then, I suggest that the next three notes in Notebook 21 may be all relevant to Sir Herbert Read's contention that 'Coleridge . . . might have preferred his poems to be apprehended, like a work of nature, by the mind in its simplicity'. The first is in Latin, from 'Caesar as quoted by Gellius', and appears to mean that we should always have something rock-like in heart and memory and thus evade the insolent word. This seems irrelevant until the second is considered—'A fine passage from Luther's *Letter on Interpretation*'—where the point is that we must not go to the letter of the Latin tongue to ask how German should be spoken, but to the common people. '*Man muss die Mutter im Hause, die Kinder auf der Gasse, den gemeinen Mann auf dem Markte darum fragen . . .*'. This seems to make quite clear a distinction in S.T.C.'s mind between the scholarly ('perfectly understood') way in which Latin is read, and the more intuitive, apprehensive processes of listening to living speech; or—by extension—to poetry. That the disadvantages or shortcomings of things 'perfectly understood' was still in mind throughout these jottings is shown by the third:—

Was im eigentlichsten und schärfsten Verstande erfunden wird, ist für die menschliche Gesellschaft nur selten wirklich nützlich.

i.e., what is most truly and keenly understood is only rarely genuinely useful to mankind.

One can rejoin, no doubt, that literary critics are not *Die menschliche Gesellschaft*; that when Coleridge finds 'so much delight' in what he calls 'metaphysical Poetry', he implies that it is not for mankind at large. But the sentence can equally mean that such poetry gives him a sense of infinity, of illimitableness of mind, and never is perfectly understood, any more than the depths of palpable blue of the Borrowdale mountains, or the sky beyond the visiting moon.

On the whole, I would suggest that the evidence from Notebook 21 tells on Sir Herbert Read's side, and against Mr. House. But all these notes (as the next one shows) were written in Germany, before May 20, 1799. It is risky to extract them from context and read like our Puritan forefathers, thumping a text from Holy Writ. On analytic or semantic criticism, I side with Mr. House; but that should not be let intervene between our current critical notions and what Coleridge wrote.—Yours, etc.,

Jesus College, Cambridge A. P. ROSSITER

Myth or Legend?

Sir,—There is no mention of Glastonbury in Bede, Nennius, Asser, or even in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, M.S.A. (saving a marginal note at 688 that Ine, king of Wessex, built the minster there). Nor can the amazing legendary lore of Glastonbury be traced farther back than the year, A.D. 1000, or thereabouts, when the anonymous biographer of St. Dunstan tells how the first preachers of Christ in Britain found at Glastonbury a church already built, not by man, already consecrated, too, by Christ Himself to his Mother! A century later, about 1090, in his *Life of St. David*, the learned Welsh ecclesiastic, Rhigyfarch, boldly asserts that it was St. David who founded Glastonbury, after which legends grew apace in the attempt to reconcile such reports.

Phillimore, a leading authority on western place-names, derives Glastonbury from Cornish and Breton *glasten* or *glastan*, oaks. But an early tradition which cannot be lightly discarded, preserved in the earliest and best Welsh pedigrees (10th century) and also by William of Malmesbury, derives it from Glast, eponym of the

'tribe' of the Glastenic, great-grandson of that Romano-British general, Cuneda, who in 401 when Stilicho was pacifying Britain, entered Wales from Manann on the Firth of Forth. These Glastenic were doubtless of those Britons, who, as Bede testifies (v, 18), were in his day subject to the West Saxon king, Ine (688-728), the man who consolidated the Britons of Somerset, the Gewisse of Wiltshire, the Jutes of Hampshire and Wight with the West Saxons of Berkshire into a single state, the New Wessex, under the West Saxon crown. The mystery which envelopes Glastonbury cannot be dissociated from this fact, that it represented an enclave of Britons, whose line of princes descended from Glast down to the tenth century (Harleian Pedigree XXV). The Domesday Survey shows the manors of Glastonbury to have formed one huge estate in the centre of the county, comprising an eighth of the whole land of the county and amounting to 442 hides.

Whatever may be thought of the Glastonbury legends, so attractive to many but repellent to others as late inventions, it is possible if not probable that Glastonbury may acquire fresh fame on the following more substantial ground. The famous English historian William of Malmesbury, who lived near Glastonbury and knew it well, states on the authority of old residents (he was writing in 1124-5), that Gildas, the first historian of Britain, had lived for many years at Glastonbury, having been attracted there by the sanctity of the place. William's contemporary, Caradog of Nantcarfan, makes Gildas to have been welcomed there by the Abbot of Glastonbury, that there in Glastonbury he had written his history, that there he had chosen to live a hermit's life 'on the bank of a river close by', where he had built a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity. This church, although no longer on the same spot, is represented today by the Parish Church of Street near Glastonbury, dedicated to the Trinity, which the late Dean Armitage Robinson, with whom I had much correspondence on these problems, proved to have been known in the Middle Ages as the Church of St. Gildas.

Yours, etc.,

Wrabness

A. W. WADE-EVANS

Opera in Our Time

Sir,—Permit me a few observations on Mr. Keller's letter published in THE LISTENER on March 26.

1. 'Discussion'. I did not 'discuss' Schönberg's 'Von Heute auf Morgen': the strictly limited space of THE LISTENER's music-page would forbid the 'discussion' of any one particular composition in a general survey such as that I endeavoured to give in the article referred to.

2. 'Poor libretto'. Readers are indebted to Mr. Keller for quoting Mr. Reich's opinion of the text Schönberg chose to set to music. But surely its merits are a matter of opinion; and after having re-read the score I see no reason to change my original view. Incidentally, in considering Mr. Reich's article your readers will remember that the producer of the opera's recent revival is identical with the writer of the essay—Mr. Keller admits this himself.

3. 'Couple of divorcees'. Since it is 'true' that 'divorce' is no where explicitly mentioned in the libretto, I am prepared to alter my wording. I suggest 'quarrelsome couple' or 'bickering pair' in the fervent hope that either of these will be acceptable to Mr. Keller.

Finally, allow me to avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge both Mr. Keller's and Mr. Donald Mitchell's assistance in checking the exact date of this opera's composition.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

JOHN S. WEISSMANN

Art

Kings and Queens of England



Three paintings from the exhibition now on view at the Royal Academy.

Above, left, 'Charles I at his Trial', 1648, by Edward Bower; (above) Jane Seymour, painted about 1536-37, by Hans Holbein the younger; (left) George II at the Battle of Dettingen, painted in 1754, by John Wootton

My First Novel

By R. C. HUTCHINSON

NOT long ago I was poking about in a secondhand bookshop in Lincoln, and I was suddenly confronted by a copy of a novel with the awkward title *Thou Hast a Devil*. It was my own first published book. The cover was mildewed, but it had not suffered from any hard usage, so I bought it—it cost me 4d.—meaning to put it in the first convenient stove. On the way home, in the train, I opened it and read a few paragraphs. And I said to myself: ‘Is this excruciating work a faithful portrait of my own mind when I was twenty-one?’

Unromantic Circumstances

When I tried to get back inside that adolescent mind—to think and feel exactly as I had thought and felt twenty-five years before—I found that it could not be done. I remembered, of course, the circumstances in which the book was written. They were not romantic. I was not starving in a garret, and I did not write on the backs of menus or race-cards. I was living by myself in a flat—or what counted for a flat—in the city of Norwich in 1929, and during the day I was employed by a firm of manufacturers in covering very large sheets of paper with very tiny figures—for what purpose I never exactly discovered. This was an especially cold winter; and on days when there was thick snow on the ground, the old lady who was supposed to come in and ‘do’ for me did not arrive; so I used to get home in the evenings to find my bed unmade and my greasy breakfast things still on the table. Before that situation could be dealt with, the waste pipe of the sink had to be unfrozen with kettles of boiling water. It was only when all this sordid housewifery had been disposed of—that is to say, about eight or nine o’clock—that I could get down to my ‘masterpiece’, and I wrote something like 1,000 words a night. That rather staggers me: I could not go at such a pace now. But then, in most ways, one’s first book is much the easiest to write. You see, until you have been chased around a little by reviewers and people you are full of confidence. You are quite unself-critical. Any joke you manufacture seems to you vastly amusing, your dialogue sounds commendably similar to the dialogue you have read in other people’s books, your descriptive passages appear to you shrewdly turned and rather harmonious. All I worried about—as far as I can remember—was whether the thing would go to 80,000 words. I had been told that 80,000 was the minimum length a publisher would look at, and it seemed to me a depressingly long haul.

I must have been aware that there was such a thing as literature—after all, I had been through my Gosse and my Saintsbury at school. But with all my vanity, I never imagined that literature was something I might try to emulate. All I wanted was to produce a *book*—which meant 80,000 words. No, wait! It is not true to say that I *only* hoped to produce a book. What I wanted, and I am confessing to a degree of fatuity which now appals me, was to turn out a ‘brilliant’ book.

‘An Entirely New Theme’

I had what I believed, in my innocence, to be an entirely new theme, a rendering of the New Testament story in a modern setting, or rather, what was supposed to be the near future, with people going about in enormous airships. This theme (about which I was entirely, and properly, serious) was going, I thought, to create a considerable stir, and I foresaw that my whole life would be altered when it was published. I imagined that editors who had previously returned my short stories with unflinching regularity would soon be eager to accept them. I saw myself quite shortly bidding a crisp farewell to my employers, and becoming what I had dreamed of being from my early childhood—a professional writer. Or *did* I soberly believe in all that fantasy? I do not really know.

It was thanks to the kindness of Philip Gibbs, who gave me a personal introduction to his literary agent, that this preposterous work did, after many days and many journeys, get published. It earned me £27. It was reviewed—with touching forbearance—in, I think, one London and one provincial paper. And I suppose one or two geperous people may

even have bought it: some optimist must have bought the copy which I found in Lincoln. Anyway, that was the end of the incident, except that it failed to cure me of wanting to write.

Yes, that first effort of mine was an imperial hash. But when I say that I wish I had never written the wretched thing, am I being perfectly sincere? I am not certain that it was a total waste of time. To start with, it seems to be a necessity for novelists to get certain things out of their systems. For example, many of us find it therapeutically necessary at one time or another to write a novel with a London setting. I myself often have the foolish notion that I shall not die happy unless I have delivered myself of an appallingly long epic about life in the interior of China. One might go as far as to say that a novelist’s life consists of nothing else but getting things out of his system. You remember the professional writer in Chekhov’s play, ‘The Seagull’, the one who says: ‘Here I see a cloud that looks like a grand piano. I think that I *must* put into a story, *somewhere*, that a cloud sailed by that looked like a grand piano’. That is only just a caricature of the novelist’s mentality.

That first book probably got something out of my system—something that was spurious, some naive romanticism, certain facile judgments, a good deal of adolescent froth. But the fact that it went into print may have done more for me than that. I cannot say how soon I realised that I had produced a wad of balderdash. But I do know that to see in print something you have written yourself is nearly always a salutary punishment. Any piece of work is altered in colour, in feeling, at every stage of its journey from the brain to the printed page. To start with, the idea that is in your mind—when you are shaving, or raking out the kitchen boiler—becomes different when it has been hammered into words. But as long as it is in your own handwriting, studded with your own corrections, it remains private. When it is turned into typescript, and then into galley-proofs, the work gets further away from you. And when those proofs are cut up into pages, you are able to see the product of your mind almost as if it were not your own at all.

Teaching Oneself to Write

I do not say you can get completely detached from it. It may take you some years to do that. But the thing does become sufficiently foreign to let you make something like an objective judgment. And in that way my first book may have started teaching me the writer’s job. It is a job, you see, which no one else can teach you. At least, no one can teach you much. Of course there are writers who appear to enter the field already fully equipped. They know precisely what they want to communicate, what climate they want to create in the reader’s mind, what tools they have at their disposal. I was not like that, and I do not believe I should have got like that by sitting at the feet of, say, Henry James. I had to discover for myself what are the problems of technique. By which I mean—very broadly—the problem of putting ideas which interest you into the reader’s mind and at the same time preventing him from falling asleep (of course one always hopes that this reader is suffering from chronic insomnia, but one cannot rely on that). To begin with, I had no idea that such a difficulty existed. I went at the job bald-headed, because I did not realise then that any special equipment was necessary. If I had not started that way I should never have started at all. And if the thing had not found a publisher I might well have given up the dream of making writing my profession. Which, from my own point of view, would have been a pity.

Voltaire, I think it was, said that if he had a son who wanted to write, he would strangle him out of sheer loving kindness. I recognise the wisdom of that remark. Of the ways of making a living which I have tried, writing is very much the hardest, as well as the loneliest. There must be few occupations quite so rich in disappointments. But, if you have the novelist’s bacillus inside you, you will never be really contented, I think, in any other trade.

The really shocking thing about my first book was that it was ‘manufactured’. It contained an idea which was genuine—something I felt about intensely—but instead of letting that idea grow into a book I built

a ramshackle edifice with just one room to house it. Nothing resembling a work of art can be produced like that. And yet I do believe, now, that the impulse which made me set to work and churn out those 80,000 words was not merely a puerile wish to startle and impress my friends. Something else, I think, was at work, something I can only explain like this: Suppose you are in Paris, travelling on the Métro. Standing near you there is a very old and very dirty woman, wearing those unbelievably thick, black stockings which are almost the uniform of her kind. Beside her there is a tiny, white-faced boy with spindle legs, and a dribbly nose. The train lurches violently, and the old woman puts her hand on the boy's shoulder to steady him. He looks up at her, perhaps with a slight impatience, because he thinks he is too old for that sort of mothering. She looks down at him, and smiles faintly. Then he smiles back. You know, at once, that he is her grandson—possibly her only grandchild. You know, at the same moment, that all her love, all her pride, are centred in him. But much more than that. In the instant when those two people exchange that smile you see represented a huge tract of human experience—you feel, all at once, that in the excitement and the beauty of that exchange, everything in earth and Heaven has been revealed to you.

That is a common experience; I suppose nearly everyone has had

something like it. And most people—being sensible—are content to preserve it as a memory. But there is a kind of person so afflicted, mentally, that he cannot be happy until he has tried to get the experience into a form in which it can be imparted to someone else. The whole of it, I mean. Not just the incident, but the significance of it—the entire world of relationships and feelings which the incident has called into the light. And this kind of person is compelled to make that attempt, even if it costs him five years' hard labour and half a million words.

Again and again, he will be defeated. Words are a recalcitrant metal to work in—they resist you, the patterns they fall into are stale patterns, they obliterate subtleties, they can kill the ideas you mean them to illuminate. But the beginner does not realise that—he, in his simplicity, thinks that language is a treasury made for his particular use. And the man who has the writer's disease will never accept the truth that the possibilities of language are limited. He knows well enough that book after book has failed to convey the magic of life as he has seen it. But he still believes that in the next one—or the one after that—he will capture that mystery, he will achieve the impossible, he will produce something which perfectly satisfies himself. Then, he thinks, the disgrace of all the early fumbings will be wiped out.—*Home Service*

Gardening

Pruning Winter Shrubs

By F. H. STREETER

IN the rush of seed sowing and trying to finish the late planting there is one job that too often gets overlooked at this time of the year and that is the pruning, or rather, in most cases, the cutting down to the ground of several of our most lovely and colourful shrubs grown for winter effect, those with highly coloured barks.

Take the *Salix*, for instance, the golden willow, *Salix vitellina*: to see this by the water's side on a cold winter's day is something you would never forget. A group will look well in the shrubbery or woodland garden, too, without water, or a few plants round your lily pool, especially when there is a covering of snow on the ground. The golden willow is perfectly easy to grow. Once you have a plant all you have to do is to save a few shoots two feet long when you cut the young growths down every year and stick them into the ground with plenty of moisture, and they will root in no time. The red form, *brizensis*, makes a pleasing contrast to *Salix vitellina*, and both the yellow and the red need cutting right down to the ground now. Do not waste the sticks as they make good, straight flower stakes.

The next plant that needs this treatment is *Cornus alba*. Of course, *alba* means white, but strange as it may seem this has a brilliant red bark in the winter. Always plant at least five of these in a group and if you are near a river or you have a pond or lake, plant in large groups. Propagate in just the same way as the willow, although you will find that not quite so many will root. You often notice this *Cornus* in a shrubbery grown into a mass and more green than red, but that is not the way to have it; so take my suggestion and cut them right down.

I think one of the showiest of plants during the autumn and winter is the snowberry. In a small garden this snowberry is best cut down every year at this time. Here, again, save all the growth, either for flower sticks or for making a few brooms—they are just right for this and last a long time. You will find this

plant will soon cover the ground and; what is more, no weeds will dare to come near as it very soon chokes them out of existence. A few branches heavily laden with berries will be a great help indoors with the autumn and winter flowers.

There is plenty of time to plant yet, and if you have a wet, swampy place or a dirty corner, here is your salvation.

Then there is *Spiraea Anthony Waterer*, a beautiful small shrub with a deep-carmine flower. This is the very plant if you want a bed of something out of the ordinary, and once planted it goes on for ever. It blooms in the summer and autumn and has delightful brown stems all through the winter. If you saw a bed of this on a lawn you would plant it up at once, I am sure. Do not mix it up with the plants grown

in pots. That is quite a different thing. The prunings are wonderful for staking your daffodils; the yellow of the flowers and the brown, neat sticks are perfect, and another thing in their favour is that the young buds on the sticks often break into leaf, thus adding a real touch of nature to your bulbs.

Another dainty shrub that needs cutting down just now is *Stephanandra flexuosa*. This has lovely, fern-like foliage and reddish brown bark. Just a plant or two will be plenty to give you that winter effect in your garden.

You want to cut your *Buddleia variabilis magnifica* right back hard. These are the plants that attract the butterflies on the warm, sunny October days when their two- to three-foot spikes of flowers are at their best. It is really surprising what growth this plant makes in the poorest of soil.

Here are a few suggestions: take away the protective material round your tender shrubs. Clean and top dress primulas with a little leaf soil; they are moving. Give the lawn the first mowing with the cylinder of the machine well up. Finally, make certain that none of the seedlings just coming up in the boxes are allowed to get dry, and shade seed boxes under glass where the seed has not germinated.

—*Home Service*



Spiraea Anthony Waterer

Artifice in Breeding

By JOSEPH EDWARDS

THE phrase 'going against nature' is hardly ever heard these days among the farming community. In recent times artificial fertilisers, intense mechanisation, and helicopters which distribute hormone sprays to control weeds in a most selective fashion have made it quite out of date. I need not go on to mention sulphur drugs, antibiotics, such as penicillin to cure mastitis, and vaccines—for example, S.19 to control contagious abortion—but perhaps the most revolutionary innovation of all is artificial insemination for cattle breeding, which has come to be accepted in ten short years by more than 100,000 farmers in England and Wales as the normal method of getting their cows in calf.

New Science of Genetics

Research into the branch of physiology that deals with reproduction in the male and female was sadly neglected until early in the present century. There were strong prejudices, and the feeling that the subject was not a 'nice' one, even for a laboratory, had to be overcome. Contemporaneously the new science of genetics began to find its feet with the rediscovery of Mendel's work, and the two branches of knowledge advanced side by side until technical developments made possible a joint application to commercial breeding. The stimulus which this, in turn, has given to new research—fundamental and applied—is an almost classic example of the way in which a discovery sets a whole new field of research and endeavour in motion.

British scientists gave the world a lead in research into the physiology of reproduction, and the Russians, after the 1917 revolution, made significant advances in the development of A.I. equipment and techniques which remained standard for many years. Their conditions forced them to do something quickly to put right the low state to which their livestock had fallen. In the west, Denmark (in 1936) and the United States (1938) were the first countries to provide examples of an A.I. organisation for cattle on a commercial scale, though during all this time research work that was later to prove invaluable here at home was going on at Cambridge. (In fact, experiments on the export of semen—a subject of great importance which I wish to mention later—were carried out successfully between Cambridge and Poland in 1934 and between Cambridge and Holland in 1936.)

Another line of research sought to provide the best medium for the storage of spermatozoa, for in Russian-type dilutors a useful life of twenty-four to forty-eight hours was about the limit and high dilution rates were not possible. A great variety of substances were tried without success. And then an American research worker experimented with egg-yolk and found an answer which has stood the A.I. movement in very good stead up to the present time. In view of the mystery which sometimes surrounds the way in which scientific discoveries are made, the answer I received when I asked this research worker—he was a biochemist—how he came to hit on egg-yolk is interesting. He said that he was pressed to do something by a rapidly expanding farmers' A.I. organisation in Wisconsin which found its supplies of semen too expendable, and so he looked through the research literature on the subject to find what others had tried. Almost the only substance that had not been tried was egg-yolk. In a buffered egg-yolk medium bull spermatozoa retain their fertilising capacity at a high level for three to four days and are much easier to deal with in every way. In addition, very high dilution rates are possible—up to 1 part semen to 100 parts dilutor compared with a rate of 1:4 in the dilutors used in the earlier days. These improvements combine to give a very much more economical use of semen. Around 1940, it was possible to count on inseminating 250 cows from one bull in a year. Today the number is 1,500–2,500 cows, and I know of a stud of sixteen Friesian bulls in the United States which last year averaged 10,000 cows each. By natural mating the number is between thirty and forty a year, rarely exceeding 100. And yet at the high dilution rates now in use the number of spermatozoa in an inseminating dose is never less than 15,000,000 and is usually nearer to 20,000,000 to 25,000,000. In natural mating 5,000,000,000 sperm may be introduced, although only one is required

for conception. The A.I. process takes advantage of this great prodigality on the part of nature.

The first A.I. centre in Great Britain was organised at Cambridge in 1942 by a group consisting of local farmers and scientists in the university, and backed by the Agricultural Improvement Council of the Ministry of Agriculture. We ought to have begun years earlier, and part of the delay was due to the mistaken belief that, because Britain's livestock breeders had earned for her the title 'the stud farm of the world' by their great and well-deserved successes in export markets, there was little need of new aids to improvement here at home. How wrong this was came to be revealed in the first years of the war when farm-by-farm surveys throughout the country showed the true position; a cattle population made up of a relatively small number of good pedigree herds and a vast number of nondescript quality in which non-pedigree bulls were used.

The great attractions of A.I. to the farmer are its cheapness and the chance it offers, particularly to the small farmer, of the use of really first-class, healthy pedigree sires by which he can grade-up his herd. For 25s. a cow he dispenses with the need to keep, feed, and manage a bull—and bulls are not the safest of creatures to manage—and his chances of getting his cows in calf expeditiously are good because the semen is examined regularly for fertility. These are the day-to-day advantages. And all the time, generation by generation, the quality of his herd improves. However nondescript the cows he starts with, his herd will be of full pedigree quality in four generations. We estimate that ten years ago only 50 cows in 100 were bred to pedigree bulls; today the number is close to 85 and yet the main momentum of the A.I. movement is only now beginning to gather.

Last year we had the following striking contrast in the use of bulls by A.I. on the one hand and natural service on the other: approximately 800 bulls were used to inseminate 1,000,000 cows and approximately 80,000 bulls were used to mate with the remaining 2,000,000. This emphasises, as no other fact could, the tremendous importance of the selection of each bull to be used for A.I. if genetic gains are to be obtained. The main pattern of the A.I. service having been composed and adequate technical processes having been established, it now remains for the student of animal breeding and the breeder of pedigree cattle to make progress in this field.

Causes of Differences in Yield

And here we come face to face with the problem of nature and nurture, as the nineteenth-century biologists described it, or heredity and environment as it is called more commonly today, which has fascinated man ever since he began to think. How much of what we see in the conformation of an animal or of the milk yield and butterfat which we measure for a dairy cow's production is due to one and the other? Unfortunately for the prospect of rapid genetic gains, we have to face the fact that the inheritance of the economic qualities of our livestock—meat and milk, for example—is not as simple as height in Mendel's tall and dwarf peas. Many more factors or genes are at work and the effect which environment has on them and the interactions between them are considerable. A recent study of the genetic composition of one of our leading dairy breeds shows that, although the production of the leading herds in it may exceed the average by as much as 400–500 gallons a cow in a year, the difference due to genetic composition may not be more than 100 gallons. The larger difference is due to better feeding and management.

As yet no breeding formula that is infallible has emerged either from the work of the geneticist on *drosophila* or small animals or from the experiences of the pedigree breeder with systems of mating including in-breeding, line-breeding, and outcrossing. As a result the A.I. movement here and in other countries looks for bulls which are 'proved' by the qualities of their offspring. The proof of the transmitting ability of a dairy bull is unfortunately slow in being arrived at—he is six to seven years old before a sufficient number of daughters have completed their first lactations.

There is no doubt that the emphasis on individual selection and the progeny-test is worthwhile. What we try to do is to discover how good a bull is proved to be compared with others used at the same time in a variety of herds. Groups of young bulls—like race-horses at the starting-post—are used as quickly as possible to inseminate 100-150 cows in herds of dairy farmers where there is agreement to keep records of performance. The finishing post is reached when the daughters of the bulls in the group show the order of placing five-and-a-half years later. We feel that this method of testing under farm conditions has merits not possessed by systems used abroad, but one thing is certain: we and our colleagues in other countries will find out more about heredity and environment than we have ever known before. In the past the structure of all breeds has been composed of fairly distinct strata, with an aristocracy at the top in which the well-bred bulls have been mated to the well-bred cows. Some of the former are brought into the next stratum, and so on down. A bull right 'out of the top drawer' may sire daughters in any stratum and the results of their exposure to a wide variety of environments will be a fascinating study.

I should like to revert once again to technical matters and to the recent discovery that living cells can be preserved for long periods at very low temperatures. Earlier, I referred to the benefits of the egg-yolk discovery which extended the life of the sperm to three to four days. The new discovery has provided a further extension of which the limit is not yet known. Calves have been produced by A.I. with semen held at -79°C . for eight months—in one case the sire was no longer alive when the inseminations were carried out—and semen held for one year appears, under the microscope, to be perfectly normal. The implications of this new advance—not only as they affect A.I. but also fundamental and applied research in biology and medicine—are enormous.

Properties of Glycerol

The key to the discovery was the finding, by Parkes and his colleagues of the National Institute for Medical Research, of the remarkable properties of glycerol. Before this was made it was important to prevent the freezing of spermatozoa (held at $+4^{\circ}\text{C}$.) because of the destructive effect of crystallisation. Now ten per cent. (by volume) of glycerol is added to the diluted semen and, after a period of hours in which equilibration takes place, the semen, in sealed ampoules, is immersed in ethyl alcohol and surrounded by solid CO_2 at such a rate that the temperature is brought to -10°C . over a period of one-and-a-half hours and then rapidly to -79°C . The formation of crystals in the sperm head does not occur. There are species differences in the reaction to low temperatures and fowl spermatozoa, for example, survive better at -190°C . with the use of liquid air.

There is no time in this talk to describe in detail other and most interesting applications of this new discovery, but I might mention the research on the preservation of human red-blood cells, as a result of which whole blood may be stored in bulk to yield red cells with a normal life-span when given by transfusion; and the storage at low temperatures of ovarian tissue, which seems to be unimpaired by the treatment. The transplantation of ova—the female adjunct of A.I. in the male—has considerable possibilities and the advantages of control of the production of ova by this new method are obvious. It would also be very attractive to speculate philosophically on matters of life and death, for it is remarkable that the life in a microscopic and delicate cell can be brought to a standstill for at least a year and recover completely to assist in the initiation of a new life.

A.I. centres are now being fitted out with large CO_2 -holding cabinets in which many thousands of doses of semen can be held for long periods. The many changes which the discovery will bring about in the routine practice of A.I. are now being considered. An immediate and obvious gain is the opportunity to give breeders a choice of bulls to enable them to follow particular lines of breeding. At present this is not always possible, even within the area of one centre, but given proper notice frozen semen may be sent anywhere in the country to await the demand. There is also the prospect of building up 'banks' of semen of particularly valuable bulls to meet demands in peak breeding months. Seasonal breeding is very marked in certain parts of England and Wales, and in New Zealand is confined to two months of the year. We shall be able also to avoid one of the risks causing a disturbance when foot and mouth disease is prevalent—that the disease may be present in the incubative stage in a stud of A.I. bulls. Semen held for a week or more can be given a clean bill of health as regards this disease.

Perhaps the greatest prospects of all lie in the export field. Relatively

satisfactory results have been obtained already from semen sent from one centre to France, Switzerland, India, Kenya, and Nigeria, but airline schedules are not sufficiently reliable where a three to four day limit is imposed and road journeys at the receiving end may be involved. With frozen semen the position is altered entirely and a new vista lies before the British livestock industry.

A large and most valuable trade in the export of semen can now be added to our considerable and glamorous export trade of pedigree livestock. There are markets which the latter has never touched and there are areas in the world where what is needed—and has, indeed, been requested—is not the shipment of one good bull, but the regular supply of semen throughout the year to grade-up 'under-developed' livestock. Though there has been delay in defining national policy on this new development, it is sincerely to be hoped that it will soon be ended, for other exporting countries will not stand still. A report on the subject has been prepared by a committee under the Chairmanship of Lord Oaksey (who combines a distinguished legal eminence with a past presidency of the English Guernsey Cattle Society) and its attitude towards export is favourable.

We can see that the technique of A.I. does not lack expert scientific attention in the research field and that the prospects are exciting. But in the end we come back to the advantages which it is designed to confer and we find that these are very close to the internationally and nationally important need to increase our food supplies. There is a limit to the number of livestock which we can keep to provide us with milk, milk products, and meat. To dispense with the need of 50,000 bulls annually—and so, incidentally, to set free feeding-stuffs that are sufficient to rear cattle to provide almost a week's meat ration for the population of England and Wales—is a relatively minor gain. The major gain lies in an improved production from better-bred livestock in the industry which, requiring neither additional capital nor labour, makes use of nature's gift of inherited ability. Our dairy cows produce on the average about 650 gallons a year: there is no reason why they should not produce 750 gallons and more and, while they improve and our need of milk and dairy products are being met, bulls of our beef breeds can be used increasingly to provide more meat.

Of course nature alone will not accomplish the task. Nurture remains its inseparable colleague. And here we find, among our domestic livestock, where man is the link between the two, that the new interest in ownership of cattle that have a pride in their ancestry as well as an interest in posterity leads to the end to be desired. All the aids to better rearing, feeding, and disease control are much more attractive when the cattle on the farm are worth looking after.—*Third Programme*

Tributes to Queen Mary

(continued from page 546)

too. Above her own sorrow was her thought for the Queen Mother, the devoted wife of the King and a dear daughter-in-law, who now had to face the loneliness that she, herself, understood only too well. The wealth of sympathy Queen Mary received from all over the world touched her deeply. It gave much comfort, but it was very hard at eighty-four to watch the passing of a much-loved son and Sovereign. Yet, here again, her standard of what was right and her appreciation of the value of tradition made her determined to be the first member of the Royal Family to greet her granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth, as Sovereign and Queen and she waited at Clarence House for the arrival from Kenya to do so. Before Queen Mary died she had suffered some months of failing health and activity but through it all her interest in this country and its well-being never failed.

What have I tried to give you? The portrait of a humble-minded, kind-hearted and generous woman—a woman, extremely intelligent and well-read, who had grown into a stately and dignified Queen. A sad and very lonely widow, a sorrowing mother, and a very, very proud grandmother to the Queen. Through all her trials and griefs, and she had many, Queen Mary upheld both her own standards and the country's rich traditions and won the love, affection, and admiration not only of her own country but of the whole English-speaking world. She is shortly leaving the London she loved so well on her last lonely drive to Windsor.* Let us follow her in heart and spirit and in loving reverence. May our great and gracious Queen Mary, and my beloved mistress, rest in peace.

* Broadcast on March 30

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Haig: Master of the Field

By Major-Gen. Sir John Davidson.

Peter Nevill. 21s.

IN SPITE OF its theatrical title, Sir John Davidson's essay adds some valuable evidence towards a serious history of the 1914-18 war. As Director of Operations at G.H.Q., the author probably knows more about the planning of the battles on the Western Front than any other man, and it is a pity that he has not written his military memoirs to show us the development of the tactical handling of warfare during the whole period of Haig's command. As it is, he throws some needed illumination on particular episodes, though, in his desire to justify the Field-Marshal, he leaves other problems worse confused.

The period bridged is that between the French army mutinies of May, 1917, and November, 1918, with the great space given to the controversy over the third battle of Ypres and the March retreat. General Davidson emphasises the fact that, except for a tiny handful of officers, who knew something but not all, Haig alone had been apprised by the French of the extent of the unrest among the French troops, and that this information, given in confidence by Pétain, was not known to the Cabinet. This, added to Jellicoe's black defeatism over the Navy's inability to deal with the submarine sinkings and to the Russian defeats and defection, brought Haig to the opinion that only a weighty offensive by the British could distract German reserves from the French front: in the conditions, a French defeat might in turn lead to political capitulation.

In support of this thesis, which in view of what the Germans have since said, may be admitted to be just, General Davidson adduces the new fact that on September 19, 1917, Pétain 'was again imploring' the continuation of the Ypres offensive. (In reviewing Haig's *Private Papers* in THE LISTENER on December 4, Captain Liddell Hart implied that in Pétain's opinion, the French army had recovered its morale.) Furthermore, Sir John prints a document of some importance. This is part of a G.H.Q. history 'Operations on the Western Front 1916-18' which was written by the Chiefs of Staff and deposited by Haig in the British Museum under an injunction against publication before 1940. The extract here printed covers the period March 21 to November 4 1918. From it can be seen the over-uneasy lack of confidence in the capacity and willingness of the French army as a whole to fight staunchly. It should, by the way, be made clear that this attitude was not so much criticism as an accepted problem. Haig readily agreed that the French had long carried the main burden, that they had suffered terribly and that it was only some formations which were unreliable; but now it was the duty, as well as the interest, of the British to assume the chief responsibility.

Sir John does much to clarify the ideas behind the direction of third Ypres, left somewhat obscure by the tactfulness of the official historian. As D.O., he, and with him, Haig, was opposed to an all-out attack with distant objectives in July. For very sensible reasons, G.H.Q. preferred limited attacks and full preparations for each step, and they had reason to believe from everything Plumer had said that he thought the same. To General Davidson's dismay at the army commanders' conference on June 28, Plumer 'almost vehemently' refused to accept the proposed limitation, as Gough had already done for the Fifth Army. Hence 'the army com-

manders entered the battle . . . with a double objective, to wear out *and* to penetrate, with the emphasis on the latter'. It was only after the Fifth Army's successive failures to occupy the key position, the Gheluvelt ridge, that Haig returned to the original conception of the operation and handed the vital sector over to Plumer, in order that it might be methodically reduced. General Davidson's account, incidentally, conflicts with that of Gough, who wrote that he himself proposed the step, but Plumer demurred and Kiggell, Chief of Staff, unable to resolve the disagreement, referred it to Haig.

Haig—this book confirms it—in the belief that the man whose task it is to carry out a job, should be given his head, too often yielded to his army commanders against his own judgment and had cause to regret it. There was one such counsel before the Somme in 1916, if not more. There was Byng's hanging-on to the Flesquières Salient in March, 1918: there is the case cited above, and beyond that the postponement of zero day at Ypres from July 25 to 31, 1917. Here again Haig gave way to the insistence of his army commanders, and, as Charteris records, left the meeting 'very moody', for not only was the projected coastal landing at Middelkerke postponed, but at Ypres the ground had to suffer another six days' bombardment, while the rain he foreboded came down in torrents on the afternoon of the attack. Was this weakness? It is at least certain that each time he surrendered to his subordinates, the event proved they had been wrong.

In spite of a certain disjointedness—for apart from the G.H.Q. document, the book is in essence a discussion of topics—there are many things to engage amateurs of this hard-fought war. Haig today stands in little need of defence: no one can possibly take Lloyd George's diatribe seriously. Haig was a good general, if not a genius. But what after all is military genius? When did the world last see it?

Peacocks and Primroses: A Survey of Disraeli's Novels

By Muriel Masefield. Bles. 21s.

Disraeli the politician, even without his novels, would make one of the revealing enigmas of the Victorian period; and perhaps Disraeli the novelist, without his political career, would do the same. As a young man, he portrayed the brilliant display and raffish opulence of the world of Greville and Creevey, though he had little but imagination to rely on: 'What does Ben know of Dukes?' his father asked. Even so, he did as well by imagination as Bulwer Lytton from experience: *The Young Duke* may lack the precision and suspense of *Pelham*, but it has much more life and buoyancy and colour. Not much later, Disraeli could combine sketching the aristocracy with an account of the midland proletariat so sharp and searching that it rivals anything in Kingsley or Mrs. Gaskell; and he learnt to deepen and integrate his work until (though it never quite lost its tinsel) it began to give genuine expression to a whole political philosophy.

Mrs. Masefield opens her book with a rare and intriguing modesty: she 'does not profess to offer anything to those already well versed in Disraeliana', and much or perhaps most of this book is either quotation or summary. Disraeli, like anyone else, loses something by abridgment, but the general reader will no doubt be glad to have his eleven volumes abridged into one, especially when both printer and binder

give the result so much charm. What is more, even readers familiar with Disraeli will find points in this book that are new to them, for a good deal is done in passing to trace the prototypes in real life of Disraeli's aristocracy and of their mansions, and to indicate the changing contemporary conditions which the later books partially reflect.

When, however, Mrs. Masefield writes 'the novels provide a pageant of English life from 1826 to 1880', one cannot but think that, to say the least of it, the word 'pageant' is significantly apt. The flash-waistcoated dandy never wholly disappears from Disraeli's novels, and their claim to seriousness, though genuine, is precarious. Moreover, there is something progressively anachronistic about the later novels. The working-class disappears after *Sybil*; the middle-class does not appear until *Falconet*, his last, unfinished novel; and in essence, Disraeli's aristocracy is always that with which he began. Even at the end of his life, in *Endymion*, he is transposing and re-living the fantastic ambitions of his youth, against which Melbourne had (as it proved) unnecessarily warned him. The dream is true now: he can model his Duke on someone he has made a duke in real life. But fantasy can have every good quality save one: reality. This it can never acquire in the novel; even though, occasionally, someone like Disraeli may impose his dream upon the stranger world of fact.

Mary II Queen of England

By Hester W. Chapman. Cape. 25s.

'*Fi de ce monde*' were reputed to be the last words of Louis XI's queen, Margaret Stuart, when she died at the age of 20; they might equally well have been the last words of another royal Stuart, the subject of this biography, Mary II, Queen Regnant of Great Britain and Ireland, who died of smallpox at the age of 32. Both these Stuart princesses had married foreigners of somewhat unamiable, even forbidding character, and both had to cultivate the virtues of submission and restraint. But at least Queen Mary had a fuller, richer life than the unfortunate Margaret; and, in spite of his infidelities she won the devotion of her husband the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III.

In some ways Mary was the most attractive of all the seventeenth-century Stuarts. A beautiful woman, she had none of the coarseness and vindictiveness of her sister Anne, and her letters, almost alone of royal letters in that period, show some humanity and sympathy with others. One of these letters, quoted by Miss Chapman (page 126) reveals this quality, elicited by news of the loss of a friend's child:

Children who die before they are capable of sinning are, I think, very happy, being only taken out of a troublesome world, which few . . . would be sorry to leave. . . . If one could hinder oneself setting one's heart too much on those we love, we should be the readier to die.

These words give a hint of the tragedy of Mary's life. She was denied children and her husband was the leader of her father's enemies. But for her marriage, she might have been a Cordelia to her unfortunate parent, James II, for she had all the warmth of affection of Shakespeare's heroine. So the later years of her short life were saddened by this division of loyalties. Nevertheless, she proved herself capable of effective rule. During William's long absences, first in Ireland, and later in Flanders, she directed the administration with the help of a

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somewhat 'difficult' Cabinet, and these periods of her rule were times of national danger, for they coincided with the defeat of Torrington at Beachy Head, with the continual plots of Jacobites, and with the threatened invasion of 1692. Her handling of affairs showed tact, sympathy and decision; her letters reveal affection for her absent husband, and deep concern for her exiled father. To these subjects this book does full justice.

Miss Chapman's biography is based on much contemporary material, some of it little known; and the book, always readable, has passages of dramatic interest. It is perhaps inevitable that, for the period of Mary's girlhood at the court of Charles II we must have full accounts of the intrigues of courtiers and courtesans, already so fully narrated by others. The wonder is that Mary preserved her simplicity and charm in such surroundings. But some of these things might have given way to what, after all, is the permanent and graceful contribution of this Mary to our civilisation. In the warmth of her heart, she was one of the few who felt sympathy for the sailors wounded and disabled in William's war with the French, and she expressed a wish that some hospital might be provided for them. After her death, William applied himself to the fulfilment of this wish, and so Greenwich Hospital—perhaps the greatest achievement of Wren—commemorates the devotion of a king and the humanity of a queen.

The Domesday Geography of England By H. C. Darby. Cambridge. 55s.

Bishop Stubbs in *Lectures on Early English History* wrote that among his day dreams had been one of a 'devoted little band of savants of research' who might 'by adding up the sums, arranging the names and measurements, and identifying the localities, pave the way for a really true Domesday map'. Here is the dream come true. Professor H. C. Darby of University College, London, editor-in-chief of this six-volume Domesday Geography, has himself written the first, dealing with the six English counties between Humber and Thames—and few scholars could be better qualified to cope with this tremendous task. For despite a century of commentary on the Domesday text itself, coupled with certain of its contemporaries like the *Liber Exoniensis* or the *Inquisitio Eliensis*, the path of the student still bristles with perplexities. This is due in part to the way Domesday was compiled. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* for 1085 reads feelingly: 'so very narrowly did he (i.e., William the Conqueror) cause the survey to be made that there was not a single hide nor yardland, nor—it is shameful to relate that which he thought no shame to do—was there an ox or a cow or a swine left out that was not set down in his writing'.

These detailed returns were made vil by vil, hundred by hundred by clerks responsible to a panel of jurors half English, half Norman, who revised and sent on their versions to commissioners appointed for the several circuits; by them to be assembled, summarised, and rearranged on a part-fiscal, part-feudal basis before transmission to Westminster, where at last it achieved final form. One need but think of the small farmer of today, fiddling his income tax and fencing with his local A.E.C.; of the northern Danelaw where they reckoned in twelfths and carucates and the southerner reckoning in his hides and decimals; of assessors' idiosyncrasies and transcribers' slips—and all dependent on the perilous arithmetic of Roman numerals—to see that there was room enough for error. Innumerable arguments for corrections and equivalents have been advanced and as plausibly resisted. Professor Darby goes to the fountain head: the text, supported where available by contemporary

documents and modern research on place-names. He admits nothing else unless some obvious *lapsus calami* or omission. On this unassailable evidence, with infinite patience, candour, and resource he constructs his maps and sets his Domesday England on a sound geographical basis.

The work is so planned that reference to any of the counties dealt with can be made independently but under parallel headings: settlements, population, woodland, pasture, regional summary and so forth, a method designed to bring out divergencies as well as similarities. The introductory sections are to serve for all six volumes but each will have a final chapter by Professor Darby summarising the region as a whole. The maps, of which there are 109 in the first volume and many of them printed in two colours, could never have been compiled more skilfully and it is a joy to handle a volume which shows such care at every step in its production.

Churches of Somerset. By A. K. Wickham. Phoenix House. 30s.

No one can think without some warmth of affection of Somerset churches in their setting. If, in addition, you are Somerset-born, son of a Somerset vicar, have developed in yourself architectural discrimination and acquired architectural experience, and then decide to write a book on Somerset churches and spend a long time on letting it mature, the result is bound to be of uncommon value. This is the case of A. K. Wickham, much beloved and respected housemaster at Eton and founder of the College Archaeological Society.

His book frankly continues the tradition of county church books by such men as J. C. Cox. It has nothing to do with the now fashionable type of county books which take in geography, history, industries, folk-lore and so on. Nor is it, as Mr. Birley shrewdly points out in his foreword, *Kunstgeschichte*, that is it contains no descriptions and analyses of tracery, mouldings, etc., to get at the expressional meaning of such elements. If history of Somerset architecture in that sense had been Wickham's intention, he could not have left out Wells Cathedral and confined himself to parish churches.

The Golden Age of Somerset parish churches is the 150 years from c. 1380 to c. 1530, and Wickham's enthusiasm is devoted to it. 'The most perfect style of architecture in its most perfect form', he calls it, and 'one of the greatest English contributions to art'. So out of a total of about sixty-five pages of text, about thirty deal with it, and the longest of the short chapters is rightly that on the steeples. Somerset towers are famous all over England and have indeed received the honour of a special monograph, Allen's *Great Church Towers of England*. Wickham successfully revises and simplifies Allen's nine groups. His chapter on roofs is as convincing. He gives the palm to the splendidly enriched tie-beam roofs such as those of Martock and Somerton rather than to the wagon-roof of Shepton Mallet.

The book ends with short chapters on the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and it is good to see that the prejudices of the J. C. Cox generation against the Stuart and Georgian styles are overcome. As for the Victorian style it may be doubted whether Wickham's choice of examples is the best. St. Stephen at Bath by James Wilson for instance is not mentioned at all.

Wickham's style of description is lively and authoritative, and what is more possesses elegance and concision. One would like to read more of it than the publishers offer. There are passages which read too much like a catalogue, and they must have hurt Wickham. The total

length is rather less than an ordinary Penguin or Pelican. It is said that Wickham had planned the addition of a gazetteer too, and that only his death prevented him from compiling it from his notes. In any case, the publisher might have added some plans. The illustrations are excellent and only those who know Somerset architecture fairly well can appreciate how carefully they are selected for their architectural as well as photographic qualities.

Poems of Baudelaire. Translated by Roy Campbell. Harvill Press. 21s.

The Drunken Boat Translated and introduced by Brian Hill. Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

Whoever undertakes the task of translating into English *Les Fleurs du Mal* and of keeping, at the same time, the original rhyming pattern and metre is likely to know some very hard going. For one thing, the true greatness of Baudelaire's verse—a consolation offered by the profoundly intimate gift of his thoughts—seems, sadly enough, to be one of the first things to vanish when the original alliterations are lost in the Procrustean demands of another language.

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
Sisyphé, il faudrait ton courage!

becomes, for instance, less inspiring when rendered as:

So huge a burden to support
your courage, Sisyphus, would ask . . .

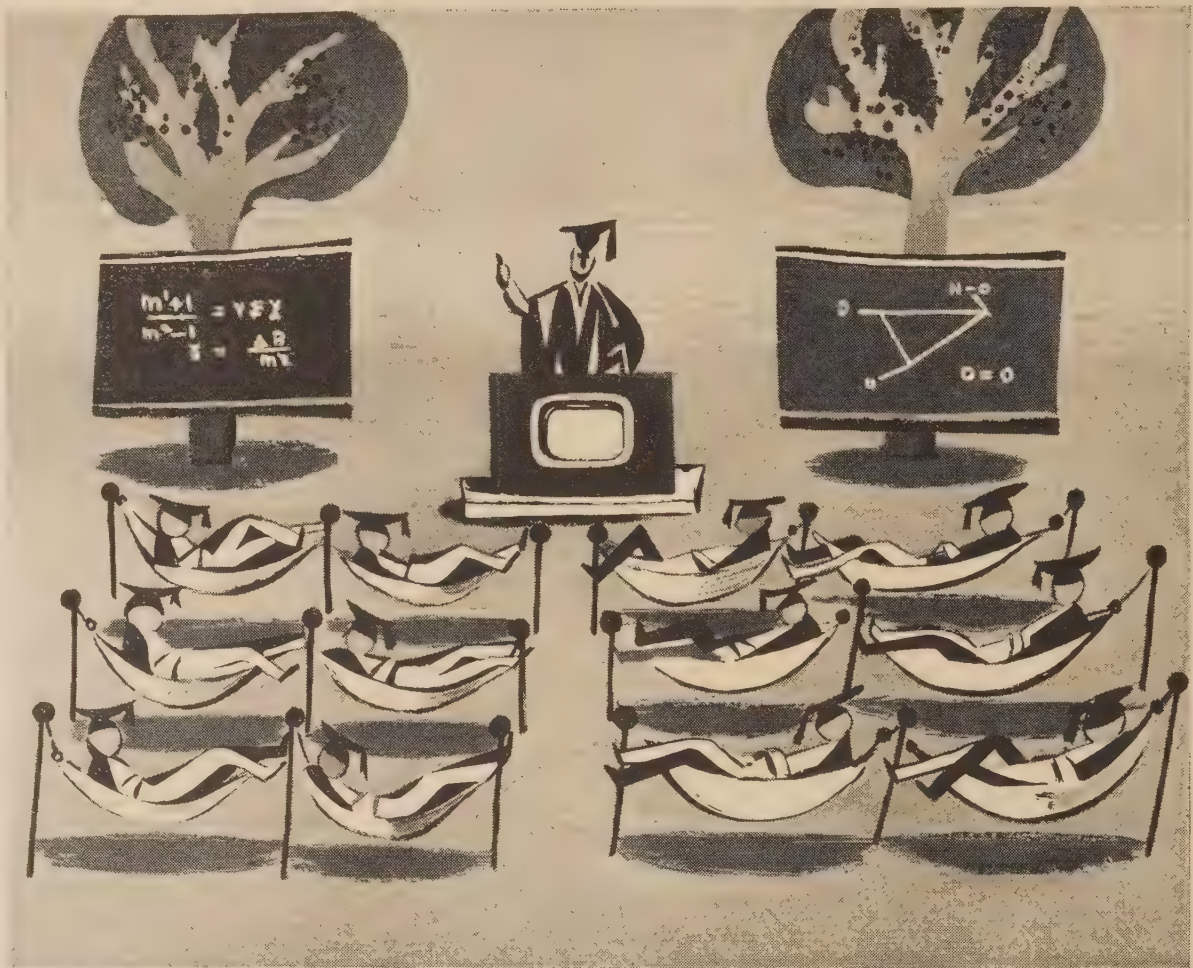
But that is cavilling. Mr. Roy Campbell has produced a thoroughly workman-like translation which is, on many occasions, better than the model. The pity is that his translation is, like *Les Fleurs du Mal* themselves, unequal. In a short and sincere introduction he says, 'I beg the reader's indulgence if I have erred on the slangy side: but I feared to offend my great original who had a horror of the pompously poetic'. Unfortunately, however, the way in which he could best have served the poet he admires would have been to have avoided all slang and to have written with a minimum of apostrophe: and with a minimum of capital letters.

He has a religious type of mind, admittedly, but it does not quite fit in with Baudelaire's to make a complete collaboration. He has succeeded up to a point, and yet—dare one say it?—he might have succeeded far more if he had been less determined to preserve that 'âcre odeur des temps, poudreuse et noire' which so many of Baudelaire's poems produce. Possibly the chief trouble lies in the fact that he started off on the wrong foot in his desire to find a compromise between the modern and the archaic. It is all too seldom that he catches the spirit of what W. H. Auden calls 'the poetry of departure'.

Mr. Brian Hill, in *The Drunken Boat*, has succeeded in turning Rimbaud's poetry into a poetic English translation. But although Rimbaud is indeed hard to put into English poetry, he presents fewer problems than Baudelaire because he is not so obvious, not so simple and not so magnificent. His symbolism, too, is nearer to this age than Baudelaire's is. Mr. Hill has had a four-fold aim: to catch the spirit of the original, to preserve as far as possible the French rhythm and metre, to give a fairly faithful translation, and to write 'something that reads like a poem in its own right'. He has succeeded wonderfully well. And he has kept more or less to the original rhyming patterns.

The title poem (*Le Bateau Ivre*) is full of such felicities as:

I know the waterspouts, I know the lightnings
Splitting the sky, the tides, the undertow;
Evening I know and dawn's dove-winged angel;
And what man thinks he saw I've seen and know;



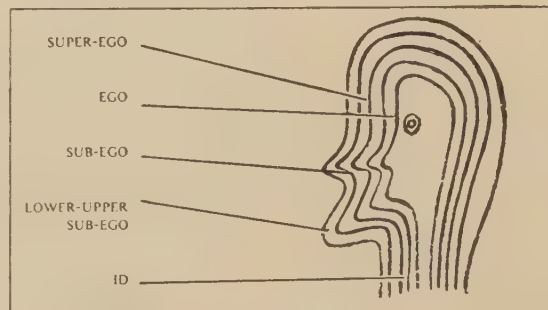
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more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



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'Vowels' (*Voyelles*) has caught 'ce condense de condensation qui fait Rimbaud désespérer pour ses fideles'; 'Winter Dream' (*Rêve pour l'Hiver*) is excellent. And in the whole book there is that

subtle give-and-take where, in a posthumous wrestling match, the poet from Charleville cedes points to an English poet who understands him very well. Into this book, as into the *Flowers of*

Sickness, an immense amount of hard work has gone—even scholars know some long and boring moments—and one can only feel gratitude to these two craftsmen for their toil.

New Novels

The Present and the Past. By Ivy Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Sleeping Beauty. By Elizabeth Taylor. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

The Man Without Qualities. By Robert Musil. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

The Stain on the Snow. By Simenon. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

Collected Stories. By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s.

LET me try to imagine, for the duration of an article, that I am someone who has never read any book by a living novelist. How would new novels by Ivy Compton-Burnett and Elizabeth Taylor, two distinguished contemporary women writers, strike me? What quality would I find in each that justified their reputation, what essential substance that gave them the title of artist, if my reading had stopped with D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf?

I do not doubt that I should be baffled and amazed by the style in which *The Present and the Past* is written. How, I would ask myself, is it possible that a novelist, who confines herself to dialogue, with only the briefest and baldest interpolations of description, who eschews every sensuous appeal so that the characters seem to live in a state of pure mind without eye, nose, tongue, almost without ear, can be considered one of the outstanding artists of her time?

The world in which the action of *The Present and the Past* occurs is related by no direct clue to the real world of time and social evolution, but appears to be an ideal Edwardian country-house world where the Master is the Master and the servants know their places and the death-watch beetle of estate duties has scarcely been heard at its fell work. How can anyone endure, I would go on, the dry formal sameness of the dialogue, where the children, precocious prigs, speak in the same idiom as their elders, and no one seems to grow or change from the type he has established at his first entrance? Then, first, I would note that a small child of three, Toby, was extraordinarily lifelike and shrewdly observed; second, that the self-deception and self-pity, the histrionic egotism of the Father, Cassius, torn between the claims of two wives, Flavia and Catherine, was developed with great wit and skilful timing; third, that the characters in the servants' hall were very subtly differentiated and contrasted with their masters with a fine sense of comedy; and fourth, that one made these discoveries only very gradually—as one might fail to see the nuances of tone at once in a black and white film if one had been accustomed to Technicolor. I would perceive that once one was prepared to accept the extreme austerity of technique, it provided pleasures that palates more grossly indulged might never enjoy; and that these pleasures were rather of the intellect than of the spirit: no poetry that comes from the music of words or their evocative power; no imaginative vision of life, no warm flash of laughter; but a tremendous sense of the clash of character in a narrow social framework; and a unique power to work out those clashes through a complicated dramatic pattern, with an unflinching edge of moral judgment expressed in wit.

Mrs. Taylor's gifts would strike me very differently. I would be aware at once of the distinction of her style, her intuition of the overtones of words, the sensitiveness with which she creates atmosphere and the enveloping aura of natural beauty, sea and sky, birds and flowers and seasons; and I would respond to the roman-

tic appeal of her central idea: the woman once beautiful, frozen into herself after a disfiguring accident, glimpsed on the seashore and then encountered in a doorway on a shadowy landing by the man who is to bring her the love that will thaw her back into life again. Mrs. Taylor, I would feel, is an artist, scrupulously concerned as a true artist should be, with problems of form and harmony, but lacking, in this book at least, the final conviction of her own poetic vision. Her sense of the femininity of women together, gossiping in a Turkish bath or daydreaming or secretly betting on horses without their husbands' knowledge, is acute and entertaining; but too much of the novel is on this low voltage when it should be on the much higher voltage her conception postulates. One begins *The Sleeping Beauty* with the impression that style and atmosphere are the outstanding qualities of Mrs. Taylor's writing; one ends, curiously enough, with the feeling that one has been cheated of a fulfilment intended, but having discovered with delight her sense of comedy. For truth of comic observation and economy of means I can think of no scene more deliciously enjoyable than Laurence's seduction of the nursemaid.

In the case of Robert Musil, there is little doubt in my mind that the hard core, the substance that preserves, is his irony. One must congratulate Messrs. Secker and Warburg on their courageous enterprise in undertaking the formidable task of launching in English this extraordinary Austrian writer's vast unfinished novel *The Man Without Qualities*. The present volume consists of the first two books; it is long, and three more volumes will be needed to complete the job, so the publishers are exposed to the notorious dangers of inadequate public interest to carry support through from one volume to the next. I mention this because *The Man Without Qualities* is not easy reading, and it would be a thousand pities if one were denied the pleasure of following the great architecture of the work as it emerges. Musil, I notice, has been compared in a number of reviews to Proust; but he seems to me to have very different qualities of mind from the French master's, and to lack that essential Proustian absorption in the metaphysics of time. The resemblance is, surely, in little more than the fact that each was reflective rather than dramatic and that each took a whole social milieu and epoch as his material.

Musil is a novelist who doesn't mind enveloping his narrative in philosophical disquisitions of inordinate length; and these are heavy going until he brings in his two supreme inventions, the Collateral Campaign which is to prepare a great celebration of the Austrian way of life and of Franz Joseph as 'Emperor of Peace', and Moosbrugger, the huge, innocently smiling sexual murderer. The Collateral Campaign is glorious fun, a device which allows Musil to expose all the vanities and follies and touching eccentricities of the pleasure-loving, tolerant but bureaucracy-bound Austro-Hungarian monarchy; but Moosbrugger is an invention of

genius, Moosbrugger who lives on a plane of fantastic logic all his own, symbol and distortion perhaps of a natural man that civilisation has outlawed, who holds the *Man Without Qualities* spellbound 'like an obscure and sombre poem in which everything is faintly distorted and displaced'—Moosbrugger places Musil among the great original creators, and one would look forward to the subsequent volumes for him alone.

With Moosbrugger Musil goes beyond satire of a vanished age, beyond irony to a deeper criticism of life, disturbing as only great poetry can be. In *The Stain on the Snow*, a novel in which Simenon abandons Inspector Maigret for a more serious world where murder is murder and not the excuse for a game of detection, I must confess I find the criticism of life, the moral trite and obvious by comparison with *The Man Without Qualities*. Of course it is clever, nothing that Simenon writes could fail to be clever; but the ideas of fate, humiliation and redemption are always floating above the characters, do not somehow reside in them, so that one is never convinced in one's heart and deeply moved as one should be. At the same time one cannot help admiring the skill with which Simenon creates his (nameless) occupied city, sunk in the squalor of its subjection and corruption as in the muddy slush of its snow. This is a vision of Europe only a few years distant from us; and, incredibly enough, only a generation distant from Musil's Europe.

Admirers of Sir Osbert Sitwell and connoisseurs of what can be done with the short-story form will find a rich feast in his *Collected Stories*, a volume which also includes the short novel *Triple Fugue*. Re-reading the many I already knew, and finding my pleasure undiminished, I am struck by the extent to which these stories owe their success to their style, so that even when the 'point' seems trivial one still revels in the irony and the luxuriant beauty of the descriptive writing, as in that wonderful evocation of a South Italian Spring, 'Primavera'. Some of the stories are, basically, little more than anecdotes—as their author admits in a characteristic preface which adds some pungent footnotes to his autobiography—but they are transformed at their best by these qualities and lifted to the level of art. Sir Osbert defends himself against the charge of heartlessness in such portraits as 'Low Tide', but not to my mind altogether successfully; a touch of cruelty is unmistakable every now and then, as if Sitwell's ancestors were obliquely avenging themselves for their unconventional descendant's outspoken loathing and contempt for blood-sports. A first-class writer, however, should have many weapons in his armoury; and Sir Osbert has recently shown us in his *Wrack at Tidesend* how satire can be combined with pathos and warm human understanding. It is good to open this book and find that the first story of all is 'Defeat', one of the very best to be written by an English writer during and about the war. JOHN LEHMANN

[This is Mr. Lehmann's last article. Mr. Simon Raven will be taking over.]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Resource and Dignity

LAST WEEK'S PROGRAMME-CHANGING emergency, caused by the death of Queen Mary, was a test which the television service met with resource and dignity. The transmissions from the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House and the processional route to Westminster Hall were continuously efficient and impressive. On Sunday the cameras caught not only the solemnities and the signs of grief but, in the drifts of wind-blown blossom from the Park, the melancholy of a cold spring day. Only the televised film biography of the late Queen checked one's impulse to award full marks. It had too many 'still' pictures in it, illogically associating television with the magic-lantern and producing, anyhow, a scrap-book effect which the introduction of some exceedingly interesting early film shots made still more incongruous. A memory remains of the beautiful choral singing from the Queen's Chapel, a reminder that we on television enjoy also the benefit of a higher quality sound reproduction. For those who have seen the colour glories of a lying-in-state at Westminster Hall monochrome television is a good deal less imposing as a spectacle. Here again the cameras used their opportunity with admirable restraint, as of a privilege not to be abused.

Stepping down from the arena of majestic events, we may claim in the language of the market place that during these past few days television has given us our money's worth; none but the most churlish viewer could complain. The picture quality has often been exceptionally good, notably in 'The Conductor Speaks' with its piquant studies of Beecham in action with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in 'Designed in Glass' from Edinburgh,

in the boxing from Edinburgh, in 'Any Questions?' from Bristol, and in parts of the Boat Race transmission last Saturday. The boxing television was some of the best we have had, pictorially speaking, achieving a definition as sharp as that of the cinema screen; logged, this, in the London radius.

If picture clarity was not the distinguishing mark of some of the other programmes they had their own intrinsic magnetism. The eerie excitements of 'The Silent World' were embellished by the interview with Captain Cousteau, the French explorer of the ocean depths. 'Speaking Personally' brought



From 'The Silent World': (left) Captain Cousteau being interviewed during the programme, and (right) a diver approaching a monster shark

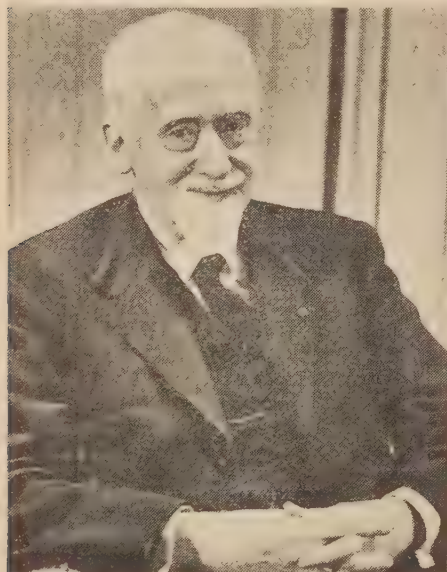


Photographs: John Cura

into our homes the warmly genial personality of Professor Thomas Bodkin; talking on the eve of St. Patrick's Day and clearly 'not out of love with his nativity'. Joan Gilbert's interview with the Bishop of Singapore and the Bishop

of Borneo, plus the W.V.S. worker back from Korea, yielded information as well as surprise; it was one of the unannounced items which gave piquancy to our viewing. 'As Others See Us' bore us off to the Burgundian plain, a journey designed to give an airing to French prejudices rather than our own. 'Press Conference' provided the setting for Aneurin Bevan's first television appearance. 'Souvenir in the Making' demonstrated some of the skills residing in the curious region known as the Potteries.

Television's commendable and recurring attention to craftsmanship in this important year has been unusually rewarding visually. The pictures brought to us from the glassworks in Scotland where they are reproducing Laurence Whistler's Coronation goblet were specially fine, a credit to the activities of the outside broadcasting department which has been responsible for a major part of our more recent viewing satisfactions. In this age of reputations acquired on the flimsiest pretexts of achievement it was a memorable and heartening experience to watch the glassmakers at work,



Professor Thomas Bodkin, former Director of the Barber Institute, Birmingham, in 'Speaking Personally'



Peter Smithers and Mademoiselle Jehanne de Butler in 'As Others See Us—I: The French', televised on March 16



As seen on the television screen: two scenes from the memorial service for Queen Mary held at the Queen's Chapel, Marlborough House: (left) the choristers, and (right) Dr. Wand, Bishop of London

their hands dedicated to the fashioning of so beautiful a thing.

'As Others See Us' promised rather more than it performed in its first programme, which came from Beaune. Talking with no more than three or four individuals by way of tapping local opinion inhibits the viewer's judgment as much as it restricts the interviewer's scope: the cross-section is insufficient for clear sampling. Thirty minutes for a programme of this kind is altogether cramping. This is a series that could be significant. Peter Smithers' is an agreeable new voice and manner—and television can do with them.

If I may judge by comments heard next day, Aneurin Bevan disappointed viewers of his television *début* in 'Press Conference'. It is true that the programme supplied not much more excitement than watching a pillow being punched. It seems that Welsh fire was expected. The disappointment should be pinned on to the newspapers for having constructed a bogey-man out of a far from forbidding personality.

Ingeniously attractive visual effects encompassed Irene Kohler's playing of 'The Moonlight Sonata' on Sunday night. The Rev. F. Townley Lord's epilogue no doubt brought comfort to many, if only by the kindness implicit in every word that he spoke.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Profit and Loss

THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS when, listening to a play by Luigi Pirandello, the mind has wandered to a Gilbertian snatch, 'How the Is and Might Be stand compared with the inevitable Must'. But Pirandello is not always voyaging through strange seas of thought. Maybe we are too ready to pigeon-hole him as a metaphysical conjuror who has glanced into the theatre. Time and again a play turns up in the repertory that proves him to be a confident technician, and we have to regret our stock quotations and dismantle the pigeon-hole. The next piece, no doubt, will irritate, but for the moment we are cosily receptive. I began listening to 'The Rules of the Game' (Third) with modified rapture (Gilbert still), and ended by chuckling at the technical authority of it all, the closing of the dramatist's trap. The play might indeed be called 'The Mousetrap', if some other writers had not got in first.

The idea is so agreeably simple. A wife with a lover is driven to fury by her husband's complacency. She claims to have been insulted by a deadly local duellist and forces her husband to challenge the man. He does so but nominates the lover as his second. On the morning of the duel he stays blandly at home, and the lover, bound by the rules of the game, must go in his stead. The play has little speculative hither-and-thither. After a slow start it develops its idea logically, and the husband is an actor's chance that, on Sunday night, Denys Blakelock enjoyed. He is able to offer a voice that can 'clear away all sentimental sediment', a crisp, nutty voice, the tones of someone manifestly sure of himself: 'I live in a realm where no anxieties can trouble me . . . Don't you worry! I understand the game'. So, plainly, did all concerned in the production.

This exceeded hope just as, earlier in the day, 'To Live In Peace' (Home) had fallen beneath it. Forzano's comedy has also a useful idea—that the priest of a remote Italian mountain village is the uncle of Napoleon himself, who has arranged for the old man to get a Cardinal's hat and a French diocese. But it is abundantly obvious that Don Geronimo will stay where he is, with his faithful flock, the hot chestnuts,

and the new wine. The little piece sinks away into the sand. In spite of the warmth of Victor Rietti and the pleasant clarity of Michael Gwynn, it is indifferent radio.

Napoleon is, as it were, back-stage in a much more exacting work, J. C. Masterman's 'Marshal Ney' (Home). This, for all its detail, its trial, its sympathetic acting, and its balanced production (by Peter Watts) failed to be urgently dramatic. None would have found this fault in 'The Dam Busters' (Light), which I had missed before, and which came through in revival as thirty minutes of alert preparation and another thirty of intense excitement. We could see, as by swathes of sheet lightning, the swoop-and-hurtle of the bombing Lancasters upon the Ruhr dams. As a tale of the air war this feature, produced by Leonard Cottrell, is in every sense a direct hit.

Another feature, 'Jam Vincit Vites' (Third) was a civilised and intelligent programme for the average listener as well as for the wine-bibber, the viticulturist, and the classical historian (I daresay these were listening as well). Edward Hyams, considering the record of 'the vine and wine', probed farther and farther back into the remoteness. At last, when Gilgamesh discovered the vine in the mountains of Armenia (4,000 B.C.), Robert Eddison was there, ready with a voice to match a description of the grape as a fruit coloured like the night-sky silvered with moonlight. It was a programme that might have pleased Mr. Belloc.

So to a last entry in the week's profit-and-loss account, Andrew Rosenthal's 'Red-Letter Day' (Home), a glittering example of what such an alchemist-actress as Fay Compton can do with a leaden script. As on the stage, her incidental telephoning was a subtle joy. Generally, it turned out to be a production with more profit than loss.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Mr. Churchill's Tribute

WHEN GREAT PERSONS DIE it is inevitable that public utterances, however deep and sincere the emotion that lies beneath them, should be largely made up of conventional and threadbare phrases which fall distressingly on the sensitive ear—inevitable because a capacity for deep feeling and the ability to express it in words do not often go together, and the ability to give worthy expression to such feeling in public speech is rarer still. And so it was well that it should fall to Mr. Churchill as Prime Minister to broadcast a few words on the death of Queen Mary last week, for Mr. Churchill is unique in the power to express deep and genuine feeling in a rich and formal language which is entirely his own. It was an eloquent and very moving tribute.

In listening to the 'Encounters of Belief' discussions last week and the week before I was still left with the impression I mentioned three weeks ago, and I find it as difficult now as I did then to lay a finger on what, according to my lights, is lacking in these programmes. Is it perhaps that an expert chairman is needed to underline the divergencies of outlook step by step as they occur and finally to bring the whole thing into focus in a concluding summary? In these two discussions, one a continuation of the other, the argument was between Christianity and science or scientific philosophy, and although I found them interesting and instructive it seemed to me all the time that the two sides were unable to come to grips because they were speaking different languages. Much of what was vital for one side was evidently beside the point for the other. It is impossible, in fact, to discuss religion in scientific terms or science in religious terms. It is necessary to arrive at a third language com-

mon to both. Perhaps this is the conclusion we are intended to draw from these two discussions.

'Is the United Nations a Going Concern?', a 'Taking Stock' programme, was an example of what an expert chairman—in this case Vernon Bartlett—can do to clarify a discussion, and a sharper focus was obtained also by limiting the points to be debated to a few of the questions which are now being asked in this country about the value and achievements of the United Nations. These questions, each in turn, were put by the chairman to three authorities—Hector McNeil, Alexander Loveday, and J. S. Maclay—and each conclusion clearly stated by Mr. Bartlett who himself took part in the discussion.

The theme of the first of a series of five programmes entitled 'Is There Anything in It?' was astrology. The discussion took place before an audibly numerous but well-behaved audience in the Medical Students' Club of St. Thomas's Hospital, in the circumstances a lion's den which would have been enough to intimidate any but the boldest astrologer. The Daniel of the occasion was E. W. Whitman, Secretary of the Federation of British Astrologers, who has himself knocked off 10,000 horoscopes in the past thirty-three years. He opened proceedings by stating the case for astrology, or rather by describing the methods employed. He was followed by Dr. A. Hunter, Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, who, as a scientist, deplored the absence of statistical investigation of results among astrologers and, besides, made the highly damaging criticism of astrological methods by pointing out that stars which in ancient days were, for instance, in the sign of Aries are today vast distances outside it, so that a horoscope based on the old zodiacal constellations must today be considerably out of the true. To this Mr. Whitman merely replied that astrologers prefer to stick to the ancient tradition. When he assigned a certain influence to the planet Pluto, he was reminded by Dr. Hunter that Pluto was unknown to astrologers or astronomers before the year 1930. In short, the answer to the question in the title appears to be in the negative.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Big Box and Little Box

THE PROFESSOR OF MUSIC in one of our northern universities has lately cast a stone at broadcast music. Although his remarks about the sounds issuing from the 'miserable little box' were reminiscent of the obscurantist criticism prevalent in the days before the C in B.B.C. stood for 'Corporation', there is a sufficient grain of truth in them to warrant discussion. I think, however, we may dismiss at once the notion that any responsible musician, at Broadcasting House or out of it, imagines that broadcast music may be regarded as a complete and absolute equivalent for public performance heard in a hall. For one thing, the absence of an audience deprives the musicians of an essential stimulus, without which their performances would soon deteriorate. There are some performers who are notoriously reluctant to undertake studio concerts on account of a, perhaps exaggerated, reliance upon this stimulus.

But when Professor Deas speaks of a 'miserable box', he is begging the main question. Musical enthusiasts, including the critics, are at a disadvantage, as compared with followers of the drama or the spoken word, in that they are dependent for their enjoyment upon a far greater precision and sensitiveness in the reproduction of the sounds transmitted. It is as absurd to expect satisfactory musical results from an inexpensive 'little box' as it would be to expect

Menuhin to give of his best on a half-guinea fiddle or Horowitz to conjure the utmost delicacies of tone from an old, and probably ill-tuned, cottage-piano.

I write feelingly because for the past week I have had to rely upon a comparatively little box, not a 'miserable' one but one which does not give the quality of reproduction to which I am accustomed. So, although I could hear that the B.B.C. Orchestra was playing well under its old chief, Sir Adrian Boult, and that Norman Fulton's 'Sinfonia Pastorale' was a skilfully scored composition in the 'light' style, I cannot say that I obtained any profound pleasure from my listening to this and other programmes.

I would concede to Professor Deas that there are works which lose enormously when heard on the radio. Sutermeister's opera, 'Romeo and Juliet', is one of these, and not merely because it is an opera. In the theatre this work is extremely effective, for the composer obviously understands how to write opera. Despite his elimination of Mercutio, who, far from being a minor character, is the lynch-pin of Shakespeare's tragedy as well as the astringent contrast to so much sweetness, the composer has handled the story well from the dramatic point of view. But his music, heard in isolation, seems too thin and lacking in precisely that youthful passion and sweetness, which are the special qualities of

Shakespeare's play. The contrivances, too—all those back-scene choruses and orchestral sounds and the octet of lovers, who for a while act as chorus in the Greek sense and then vanish from the scene—all these contrivances, which made their effect in the theatre, became mere contrivances and in the end rather tiresome ones. The performance in the theatre was excellent and I found the first meeting of the lovers, the balcony-scene, and the later duet for Romeo and Juliet really moving, thanks to the sensitive singing of Victoria Elliott and Rowland Jones, though, like so many singers nowadays, Miss Elliott failed to project her softer notes into the auditorium.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Lute and its English Music

By DAVID LUMSDEN

The first two of a series of programmes of English lute music will be broadcast at 7.55 p.m. on Monday, April 6, and 6.45 p.m. on Thursday, April 9 (Third)

EVEN knowledgeable musicians are often surprised to learn that Bach, Handel, and Haydn all wrote music for the lute. For many the lute is associated primarily with the Psalms and medieval carvings in our old churches, and the thought of it in the hands of such renowned composers seems somewhat anomalous and anachronistic. The listener will be still further disillusioned when he discovers that most lute music consists of secular songs and dances. This must surely be one of the most ironical twists of musical history—that an instrument known on several continents for centuries should now be virtually neglected, its repertoire only partly investigated and its role in the development of instrumental music largely ignored by historians of music. This indifference is more remarkable still when one realises that a great deal of the lute music of three centuries in Europe has been preserved in various manuscripts and printed books, music often of the highest quality, delightful to the ear and full of interest to the scholar and musician.

Yet the reasons for this neglect are not hard to find. The lute became progressively less effective as the violin superseded the viol in the mid-seventeenth century, for while it could hold its own against a chest of violis the increased volume of the violin family rendered a more powerful accompanying instrument—the harpsichord or organ, for instance—a necessity. Although the lute as a solo instrument remained popular in France until about 1725 and in Germany for a further fifty years, it was finally rendered obsolete by the popularity of the piano, the first keyboard instrument to outstrip the lute in expressive nuances, in light and shade. The rapid increase in the types and power of instruments from that time dealt the death-blow to the lute, which for a long time before 1750 had ceased to inspire composers to write for it as they once had done. Naturally, music written for the lute is much less effective when played on any other instrument and only the very recent appearance of a school of first-class lutenists has brought the music to full life once more.

The lute's system of notation or tablature, being different from normal musical notation, completely blocks its music from the average musician. The difficulties of this tablature have perhaps been exaggerated, however, for an enthusiast can soon learn to read the more common types fluently at the keyboard.

The nature of the sources is yet another reason for neglect of the music. Most are in manuscripts scattered all over Europe and the United States, with script ranging from calli-

graphy to scribble, with often no indication of the start and finish of pieces and rarely any means of identifying either the music or its composer. Add to this the number of sources involved (some forty in England alone, of which the Cambridge University Library collection is the richest), the size of some of them (one manuscript in this library contains no fewer than three hundred pieces, more than the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book itself) and the vagaries of library catalogues which rarely differentiate between lute and lute-viol, bandora and cittern, solo and consort, simply because they are all written in tablature, and one can sympathise with musical scholars who have shied at tackling the subject.

Finally, the attitude of the general musical public which often makes it so difficult for an unknown composer to gain a hearing is not much more encouraging for a musicologist endeavouring to present unknown music. The popularity of the Elizabethan madrigalists on one hand and of Walton and Britten on the other has done much to break down the common prejudice against music written before Bach or after Brahms, but a change of heart is still needed to achieve that open-mindedness required for a full appreciation and enjoyment of both contemporary and early music.

Many references in books, poems, and plays, various published tutors, and the large number of pieces both printed and in manuscript indicate how popular the lute was in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. Its portability and expressiveness made it an ideal instrument for the itinerant and courtly musician alike, especially for the accompaniment of ballads and songs. Indeed, the lute-songs have long been a cherished delicacy in our musical diet. But it is a grave misrepresentation of the facts to dismiss the lute as merely an accompanying instrument, for of all instruments only the piano can rival it in the extent and variety of its solo repertoire. In fact, the piano is the lute of today; every musician plays it, most composers write for it and much use is made of arrangements from other types of music.

In the earliest English source (about 1540) we see already the influences which dominate the entire lute repertoire: simple transcriptions of vocal music and the principle of variation. The idea of arranging more complex contrapuntal and vocal music soon led to the development of elaborate fantasias, at first with the aid of some simple ever-present theme but later achieving full independence in theme and form. The greatest influence of all was the courtly dance, for stylised forms of the pavan, galliard, alman, currant, volt and jig, often elaborated by

ingenious devices of 'division', form a large part of the total number of pieces—some two thousand in England alone. The striking characteristic of the dance was, of course, its strictly metrical rhythm, and this rhythmic limitation and the need for evolving purely instrumental figures to compensate for the lute's inability to sustain tone provided the impulse for the establishment of an instrumental repertoire quite independent of vocal tradition.

But the lute was used not only for solos and accompaniment: there is a great deal of music for several lutes, and for the lute in consort with other instruments, both wind and strings. The instrument itself was an ideal fusion of artistry, craftsmanship, and design: the light-weight, pear-shaped body, the delicate neck, the filigree sound-hole, and the fragile gut strings combine to give the lute an air of beauty and refinement which matches well the best of its music. Bishop Hall marvelled that 'a hollow piece of wood and the guts of beasts stirred by the fingers of men can make so sweet and melodious a noise'.

Much has been made of Italian influences in England in the late sixteenth century, but it is well to remember that the flow of ideas is rarely for long a one-way traffic. Dowland, the creator of the English lute-song and perhaps the greatest lutenist that ever lived, was well-known abroad and some of his pieces were published in no fewer than eight foreign cities. Many of his English contemporaries spent much of their working lives on the continent—Robinson, Phillips, Bull, Deering, and Simpson for instance—and although Dowland is the dominating figure many composers comparatively unknown in other spheres made important contributions to the lute repertoire—Holborne, Cutting, Pilkington, and Bachelier are outstanding. Altogether, the full list of some fifty English names illustrates the widespread activity at the time.

After about 1620 a great change occurred. Dowland himself suffered neglect in his last years as the old figures and ideals were forgotten under the influence of Jacques Gaultier, a French lutenist who settled in London in 1619 bringing with him new notions of picturesque representation and elaborate ornamentation which were all the rage in Paris. Interest in the lute gradually waned during the century, despite the noble stand of Thomas Mace in 1676, until, as we have seen, it finally disappeared altogether.

Perhaps the lute, 'the Noble Lute, the Best of Instruments', will never again achieve such eminence in the public eye, but it seems of the utmost importance that the music itself should no longer be ignored either by performers or historians.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

SOME SPRING-CLEANING JOBS

I WANT TO TAKE a few of the big spring-cleaning jobs and make points about them which may be helpful. Paint: if you are going to wash glossy paint, do beware of scratchy cleaners. They are a menace. They take off the paint's protective shiny gloss, and you are left with a rough surface which dirt sticks to at once. I wash my paint with one of the synthetic detergents or with sugar soap. This sugar soap is sold with instructions, and it is important to follow those instructions carefully. When washing paint, the first-class professional begins at floor level and works up. That is because you do not want trickles of soapy water trailing down over dry, dirty surfaces. These trails are apt to leave marks which are very difficult to shift. When glossy paint is newly washed and quite dry, it pays to put on a little furniture polish. It keeps the surface in condition. Of course you will not want to treat a whole wall like this, but it is well worth doing on, say, window ledges and painted mantelpieces and shelves.

Carpets and rugs: if you want to freshen a carpet when you have got rid of the dust, I am a great believer in a rub with a cloth wrung lightly out in a solution of warm water and ammonia. It brings the colours up wonderfully. How much ammonia depends on the brand you use, but you will find directions on the bottle. When I want to shampoo a carpet, I use an old nail brush, a clean cloth, and two bowls of warm water—one clear for rinsing and one full of a really generous lather. Then the trick is to work on the carpet a patch at a time. Work the suds in with the brush; and then, straight away, wipe them off with the cloth wrung out in the clear water. (Both the bowls will need changing several times.) When one patch of floor is shampooed and rinsed, you move on to the next. Keep the cloth well wrung out as you work; and, of

course, choose a day when the door and windows can be open and there is a drying breeze.

Upholstery: you can shampoo upholstery in the same way, using a soft nailbrush, and whipping up a good lather. You want to be able to scoop up a 'meringue' of suds. Work over a small patch, and then rinse, just as you do for the carpet. See that the patches you treat overlap—otherwise you will get a rather patchworky finish. And do not let castors get wet; if they do, they may make rust marks on the carpet.

Woodblock floors: if you have to spring clean a really dirty specimen, get some medium-grade steel wool and a bottle of turpentine. Then make a pad of the wool, soak it with turpentine and rub it up and down on the wood, rubbing with the grain. It is a long, slow job, and you get steel-wool splinters in your fingers if you do not wear a tough glove. Afterwards, of course, you get rid of your rubbings, and re-polish the floor in the ordinary way.

RUTH DREW

HOT CROSS BUNS

You will need:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm milk and water
- 1 lb. plain flour
- 1 level teaspoon of mixed spice
- 1 level teaspoon of salt
- 1 oz. butter
- 2 oz. sugar
- 2 oz. currants (or currants and candied peel, mixed)

Whisk the yeast into the milk and water and mix in 1 tablespoon of the flour. Put in a warm place for 10-15 minutes. Sieve the flour, spice, and salt into a warm basin, rub in the butter, stir in the sugar and fruit and put to warm till the yeast is ready. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the yeast and liquid. Mix to a soft, sticky dough, adding

a little more lukewarm water if necessary. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Replace in the cleaned, warm bowl, cover with a cloth and leave in a warm place to rise for one hour, or until double the size. Divide the dough into about 16 pieces, knead each piece until smooth, and shape into buns. Place on floured baking trays, allowing room for the buns to rise. Make a cross on each with a knife, cover with the cloth, and leave in a warm place until double the size. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., for 15 minutes or until brown and cooked.

To glaze: dissolve 1 tablespoon of sugar in 1 tablespoon of water and bring to the boil. Brush over the tops of the buns while they are hot from the oven.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

REV. C. H. DODD, D.D. (page 543): Norris-Hulse Professor of Divinity, Cambridge University 1935-1949; author of *Christianity and the Reconciliation of Nations*, etc.

STANLEY UYS (page 547): on editorial staff of *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg)

MICHAEL BLUNDELL (page 548): leader of the elected European members in the Kenya Legislative Council and a farmer in the area where the Mau Mau are active

DAVID GREEN (page 555): author of *Country Neighbours*, *Blenheim Palace*, etc.

EMYR HUMPHREYS (page 557): novelist; author of *Little Kingdom*, *Voice of a Stranger*, etc.

R. C. HUTCHINSON (page 567): novelist; author of *Testament*, *Elephant and Castle*, *Recollection of a Journey*, etc.

JOSEPH EDWARDS (page 569): Chief Scientific Adviser to the Milk Marketing Board

Crossword No. 1,196.

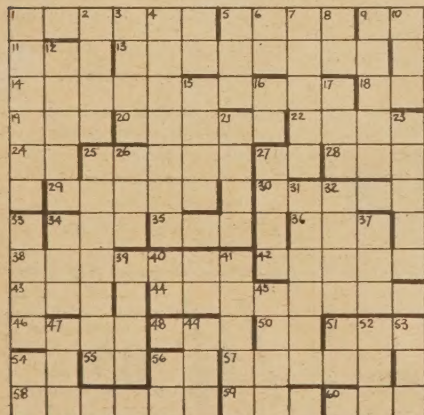
Just So.

By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, April 9

With apologies to the occupants of the flat above and acknowledgments to 1A-5D 60A-18A-5D, the 1D gastronome who never 51B anything but 22A;



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33U 14A 25D DRESSING

This recipe requires 18B 37D-49U. First 46A a 22A. Then 47D 34D need is a knife, a 38A-29A and one 25D, a 14A. 5A like a 7D 57A 48B 14A, only much bigger and from an altogether 6D-50A-30A-56B 50A-24B-45D—not forgetting of course that 34D should 10D, roughly speaking, a 19A-28B of more than 13A 55A-21D-43A. If 25D should say How, it is wisest to give up the 15D. But, 54D 28B, there's a 9D 34D can 16D-40U-24B in which there is a great deal more than 34D would think.

Having disposed of 47D the 15D—the 19A being really 26D—25D will 53D-52U certainly be inclined to 23U; for which purpose 14A 2D 6D-37D-3D and is taken off and put to 39D cool somewhere that 12D out the 19A. When 27D occurs, quickly fill your 19A-28B with 22A-crumbs and take that 2D, and 25A it, and 42A it and 36A it 5A as full of 35A, 59A, 20A, 58B 22A-crumbs and some 32D-56B 44A as it can possibly hold.

Finally, when 34D have 17D yourself 8U the top of a p-53D with your knife, 34D can confidently 33U 14A 25D dressing, and eat your 28B if 25D isn't as 26D and cross as can be. 5A 9A, 34B it. But I would not 11A about the 38A-29A if I were 34D. However, as something more than a sop to such meticulous old Beetonians and members of the Crosswives League as go to the lengths of checking

the unchecked letters, we append this candid verdict from 25D:

LUCK? WELL, I HATE MY SKIN BEIN' KINKED.

Solution of No. 1,194

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
P	R	E	J	U	D	I	C	E	T
11	O	V	E	H	E	N	O	T	I
14	A	L	E	T	I	C	K	L	E
17	C	A	R	S	E	L	A	U	R
20	E	N	C	O	M	I	U	M	N
23	A	D	A	M	A	N	T	B	E
26	S	I	M	P	L	E	H	I	K
29	H	S	E	L	F	S	O	N	E
32	E	S	L	E	E	P	R	E	A
35	S	A	L	T	I	E	A	P	P
38	I	L	I	A	C	R	U	S	A
41	F	E	A	T	H	E	R	I	N

NOTES

The intermediate words are as follows:

Across: 1. Pride 11. War 14. Cakes 15. Slap 16. Superman 18. Hardy 22. Harrow 24. Eve 26. Pure 29. Blood 31. Hair 35. Rhyme 39. Pepper 45. Fur 46. Dandy Down: 2. Oliver 3. Anon 5. Fall 6. Pen 7. Harlequin 9. Tide 24. Sackcloth 28. Bounds 30. Carry 31. Sugar 34. Lyle 36. Spick 37. Fried

Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. Fereday (Ewell); 2nd prize: Miss A. E. Caro (Nottingham); 3rd prize: H. Rainger (London, S.W.6).

CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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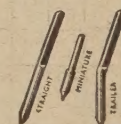
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